Serfojee Rajah. 1807

THE MONTHLY MIRROR

REFLECTING

MEN AND MANNERS.

WITH

STRICTU ES ON THEIR EPITOME,

The Stage.

To hold as 'twere the MIRROR up to Nature.

VOL. XV.

Embellished h superb Engravings.

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THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

JANUARY, 1803.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF JAMES COBB, ESQ. ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM A FINE ORIGINAL MINIATURE.

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1802.

PREFACE

TO

THE FIFTEENTH VOLUME.

WE beg to renew our grateful acknowledgments for the liberal patronage which has been so uniformly extended to this work. Notwithstanding the multiplicity of periodical productions that have lately started into existence, with various pretensions to public notice, the MONTHLY MIRROR *still continues its triumphant progress, and is enabled to set the most powerful competition at bold defiance.*

This confidence in our strength will not relax our efforts to please. To our collection of PORTRAITS *of eminent public characters, which, as a* series, *have never been equalled in a work of this description, and which, as we know the value of our peculiar resources, could not have been procured by the most respectable of our rivals, we have recently made several important additions: and, in every other department of the publication, we shall exert our best ability to support the credit which it has so long maintained in the circles of taste and literature.*

☞ The portrait of JOHN ADOLPHUS, Esq. F. A. S. intended for the present time, shall appear in our next.

THE

MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

JANUARY, 1803.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

JAMES COBB, ESQ.

With a Portrait.

MR. JAMES COBB, whose portrait is given in our present number, has peculiar claims to the notice of a publication, whose avowed province is to hold the dramatic mirror up to nature; since, even from his boyish days, he has uniformly evinced a strong and unconquerable attachment to the drama: few authors have taken more ardent pains to deserve success, and very few indeed have been more fortunate in its attainment.

This gentleman's first allurement to the stage, and perhaps the circumstance which attached him so strongly to dramatic pursuits, was an introduction to that admirable actress, and amiable woman, Miss Pope, for whose benefit, in the year 1773, our young candidate for fame, sent, anonymously, an occasional prologue. These annual addresses were, at that time, expected by the public from actors, as a kind of acknowledgment for past favours, and a promise of future exertion.

This poetic effort was the fifth this lady had been favoured with that season, and, amidst a "choice of difficulties," she laid the whole of them, with all their imperfections on their heads, before the scrutinizing and critical eye of Garrick. Mr. COBB's was the chosen address, and a line, altered by the pen of our immortal Roscius, we understand, he still preserves as a precious relique.

His first regular performance, submitted to the awful tribunal of an audience, was a farce, or rather petit comedy, called the CONTRACT, or FEMALE CAPTAIN, represented at Drury Lane in 177[illegible], and twice, we believe, at the Haymarket the following year. This piece was written for his friend, MISS POPE's benefit, and introduced Miss Walpole in REGIMENTALS; no particular hopes of its lasting success were entertained by the author—the FEMALE

CAPTAIN performed her exercise with applause, and was then suffered to *stand at ease* upon the prompter's shelf.

Next came the WEDDING NIGHT, a musical piece, translated from the French, and set to music by DOCTOR ARNOLD. With this entertainment Mr. COLMAN the elder was infinitely delighted: he never missed a single rehearsal; and on the heroine, MISS TWIST, not answering his expectation, MRS. CARGILL was engaged upon the spur of the occasion, not more than four nights preceding the performance. The quaintness of this French piece was *Caviare* to the general. The hisses of the audience nearly put the bride into fits; and the writer of this article well recollects the author's declaring, in a moment of conviviality, that, on walking home that night to *Stratford Green*, where his family then resided, he took every gust of wind through the trees for a *cat-call*, and every whisper among the leaves for a *hiss*.

The farce of "*Who'd have thought it*," produced at Covent Garden, in 1779, for the late Mr. WILSON's benefit, and afterwards at the Haymarket in 1780, experienced a better fate, and we are astonished that the manager of Covent Garden has never *thought* of its revival. In speaking of this piece, we cannot refrain from inserting a song, sung in it by Charles Bannister, which at once proves the genius and the philanthropy of its author.

I.

When in war on the ocean we meet the proud foe,
Though with ardour for conquest our bosoms may glow;
Let us see on their vessel's old England's flag wave:
They shall find British sailors but conquer to save.

II.

And now, boys, their ensigns we view from afar,
With three cheers they are welcomed by each British tar,
While the Genius of England still bids us advance,
And our guns hurl in thunder defiance to France.

III.

But mark our last broadside—see she sinks—down she goes,
Quickly man all your boats, boys, they no longer are foes,
To snatch a brave fellow from a watery grave,
Is worthy of Britons who conquer to save.

IV.

Happy nation to boast in defence of thy rights,
A prince who the man and the hero unites;
The friend of the wretched, the boast of the brave;
Who lives but to conquer, and conquers to save.

The additional verse, it is said, was written at the desire of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, and Duke of York, in honour of the Duke of Clarence, and sung before the Royal brothers at the *Beef Steak Club*, of which select and convivial society Mr. Cobb has long been a member. In the year 1781, our author indulged his Muse with a promenade in KENSINGTON GARDENS, performed, we believe, for Wilson's benefit. It aimed at the fashion and follies of the day: when they *dropped*, of course the piece, in its turn, dropped with them.

Four years after this, Mr. COBB, profiting by time and experience, launched his HUMOURIST at Drury Lane; a piece which at once fixed his own fame, as well as that of his ingenious friend, Mr. JOHN BANNISTER, whose performance of *Dabble* affords the *ne plus ultra* of caricature. *Dabble* was evidently a good humoured hit at Mr. PATENCE, the advertising dentist, nor was the picture at all overcharged. To sum up Mr. P.'s whimsicalities at once, we have only to state, and we vouch for the authenticity of our anecdote, that he presented a piece to the managers, in which there were no less than fourteen dinners, and as many suppers; "for my dear Sir," observed Patence, "how can you expect *good things* in common life, without *plenty of eating and drinking*."

The same auspicious year, 1785, produced, at the express requisition of Mr. Sheridan (to whom our author had been previously introduced by Mr. Burke) the STRANGER AT HOME, a comic opera, with much charming melody by Linley, and with it came an actress, who, we trust, whilst her health and spirits remain, will never be a STRANGER to dramatic truth and nature:—it was *Rosa* that first introduced Mrs. JORDAN as a singer, and in an ORIGINAL character.

In 1787, an interlude called ENGLISH READINGS, was sent to the elder Colman anonymously. The bantling, happily conceived, and neatly executed, was received with delight—nursed with care—fondled by the audience for five nights, and strangled on the sixth by a party of desperadoes from Coachmaker's Hall, and other as respectable places, dedicated to the practice of *English Readings*.

The FIRST FLOOR, in 1787, made ample amends for the fate of CROSS READINGS. Mr. Bannister, in *Tartlett*, still continues to set gravity at defiance, and though the present manager of Drury Lane, never improperly descends to court applause, in *Tim Tartlett*, at

least, he evinces more than one ludicrous proof that he has no absolute aversion to a *puff*.

In 1788 the opera of LOVE IN THE EAST proved our author quite at home, as might be naturally expected, with *Indian* ink. This piece had more good writing than situations for music, and therefore, though aided by Mr. Kelly, Mrs. Crouch, and Miss Romanzini (now Mrs. Bland), it proved little more than a nine-days' wonder.

In the same season Mr. Cobb tried his hand successfully in assisting Mr. King (then the manager) in a pantomime called HURLY BURLY; and a charming air of his own composition, sung by Mrs. Wilson, afforded an additional proof how nearly poetry and music are allied.

And here we cannot help noticing a curious fact;—not a single opera of Mr. Cobb's has ever been produced, in which some favourite air or duet has not been of his own composition. Added to a perfect knowledge of music, he plays, with no mean degree of execution, on the violin, and has often surprised his friends by his skill and taste in painting.

In the same year the DOCTOR AND APOTHECARY introduced the ever-to-be-lamented STEPHEN STORACE;

And in 1789, the HAUNTED TOWER, aided by the same admired composer, ushered SIGNORA STORACE to the English theatre. It formed a new era in one walk of the stage: the opera was no longer the mere vehicle for music; it became a new species of the drama, in which an interesting story, regularly developed, is contrasted and enlivened with scenes of comic effect, as most powerfully exemplified in the succeeding operas of Mr. Cobb; but we will record them in regular succession.

THE SIEGE OF BELGRADE, 1791. The Prince of Wales, during its progress to performance, finding the movements of the SIEGE tediously retarded, condescended to ask Mr. KEMBLE the reason why the opera was not announced for representation? "Please your Royal Highness," replied the manager, "we shall proceed to ACTION the very moment the author has determined whether the AUSTRIANS or TURKS shall gain the VICTORY.

[To be concluded in our next.]

SAMUEL PATERSON,

The Bibliologist.

MR. EDITOR,

VERY good accounts of the late Mr. Samuel Paterson, the celebrated bibliologist, and of his literary labours, having appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November last, and in the *European Magazine* for the following month (that in the *Monthly Magazine* is merely an abridgment of the former one) it may be thought unnecessary to trouble you on the subject; yet, though I have but little to add, I take the liberty to correct two or three mistakes in those accounts. It is said that Mr. Paterson was aged 78; he was only in his 77th year; was born March 15, 1726, and died October 29, 1802. Sir Julius Cæsar's MSS. are said to have "actually reached the cheesemonger's shop." This, I believe, is incorrect; to the best of my recollection Mr. P. informed me that ten pounds had been offered for them, as waste paper, by a cheesemonger: and that, on their being shewn to him, he advised the possessor not to send them. In consequence of their being catalogued by Mr. P. and brought to public sale, they are said to have been sold for three hundred and fifty six pounds; I think Mr. P. told me that they produced above six hundred pounds: but of this I am not certain:—any person possessing a priced catalogue may ascertain the sum.

"Bibliotheca Fageliana, a most noble collection of the late M. Fagel, Secretary to the States-General of the United Provinces," should have been, a most noble collection of M. Fagel, late Secretary, &c. M. Fagel being alive: at least he was so at the time of the intended sale at Duke's Street, St. James's, where I saw him.

Mr. Paterson's father was an eminent taylor in James Street, Covent-Garden; in which street I believe Mr. P. was born. What fortune his father left him, I never heard. The name of the executor, through whose failure he lost his fortune, was Walkinshaw. His two sons, now living, are said to be named John and Samuel: it should have been Samuel and John; Samuel being the elder, to whom Dr. Samuel Johnson, his father's intimate friend, stood godfather. One of Mr. Paterson's daughters, as is said, married Mr. Pearson, the celebrated glass-stainer: she and her husband now reside at Highgate. Another of his daughters, on what account I know not, became a nun at, I believe, Bruges. The whole sisterhood took refuge, during the late troubles, in England, and were settled at Hengrave-Hall, near Bury, in Suffolk. Permission hav-

ing been granted them to return, they left this country just before the decease of Mr. P. he having, after the accident which proved so fatal to him, gone in a coach several times to the Treasury, for the purpose of soliciting assistance from Government, that they might return comfortably; which he obtained, to the amount of five pounds, or guineas, per head. They were, I think, about forty in number; the lady's name, who presides over them, is More, a descendant of the famous Lord Chancellor More; and of great natural and acquired endowments.

Mr. P. flattering himself that he was nearly recovered from his hurt, walked, a few days before his death, from Norton-Street to Slaughter's Coffee-House, St. Martin's Lane, to settle about the conveyance of the sisterhood by sea, &c. which imprudent exertion brought on a fever; a mortification ensued, and his dissolution followed. But for this untoward circumstance, he would, probably, have lived many years longer; being of an excellent constitution, troubled with no ailments, and very temperate.

On Saturday, September 4th, Mr. P. had been to the play, at the Haymarket theatre, which he left before the farce commenced, and was at home early. Having occasion to step out again into the neighbourhood, his servant lighting him down stairs, instead of going before, absurdly followed him: in consequence of which, he stumbled over a small dog-kennel, improperly left at the foot of the stairs, and received the wound which caused his death. He was to have dined with me the next day, and I wondered at his not keeping his appointment, he being always punctual even in trifles. On Monday I received the following note from him.

"My worthy friend,

"An accident that befel me on Saturday night, after I returned from the play, will probably confine me a few days—a violent contusion and wound in my left leg, in so critical a part, that a little more force would, certainly, have occasioned a fracture. This, of course, will deprive me of the pleasure of making one at your social and hospitable board; to all of whom I beg to be remembered in terms of affection: and remain, with real regard,

"Dear Sir,

"Your own

Monday, 6 *Sept.* 1802. "S. P."

I visited him almost every day during his confinement; and, in about a month, thought him nearly recovered. On the Saturday preceding his death, I drank tea and chatted with him two or three hours. He excused himself from dining with me the next day, as had been proposed, finding himself not so well as he had

been, and promised me that pleasure on the Sunday following.—When I next saw him, he was on his dying bed. I quitted him as little as possible till his decease, which affected me as much as if he had been my father! He died about half past three in the afternoon, on Friday, October 29, 1802, and was interred the following Thursday, November 4, near his wife's remains, in the family-vault, on the south side of St. Paul's church yard, Covent Garden. His two amiable sons were incapable, through excessive grief, of attending him to the grave. His funeral was handsome, not ostentatious. The service was read in the church, and at the vault. The corpse was conveyed from Norton-Street in a plumed herse, followed by two mourning coaches, in which were his son-in-law Mr. Pearson, his worthy old friend Mr. Mortimer, Mr. Taylor, the celebrated translator of Plato, &c. Mr. Ireland, the ingenious engraver of Hogarth, three other gentlemen, and myself.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* it is truly said, that Mr. Paterson "was particularly well acquainted with our English Poets." I never knew any one so well acquainted with them; and his memory was so retentive, that, whenever occasion offered, he could repeat correctly almost any passage from almost any English poet. Spenser and Shakspeare were his favourites; his MS. annotations on the former are numerous and learned. The folio 1611, containing them, was presented by him to me. But Shakspeare was "the god of his idolatry;" and I think, without offence to any, that he read and understood our great dramatist better than any other person, Mr. Garrick excepted, I ever knew. I do not speak of the settling an *and*, or an *if*, or a *but*, or the more minute duties of a commentator; I mean, that he entered into the spirit of our bard with intuitive felicity.

In addition to his literary abilities, Mr. Paterson was, notwithstanding his advanced age, a most cheerful companion; a very Yorick; "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy:" and, as I pass mournfully by his grave, I sighing say—"Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?"

He was of a kind and benevolent nature; hospitable almost to a fault; of scrupulous integrity, and unaffected piety. In a word, I never knew a more pleasing companion, or a better man.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

January 10, 1803. F. G. WALDRON.

13, *Duke-Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

TASSO AND BOILEAU.

"Et le clinquant du Tasse à tout l'or de Virgile."

This harsh sentence upon Tasso produced no little obloquy. Boileau was attacked for it in every form of hostility. The minor wits, under the pretext of defending a great poet, sought revenge for their personal sufferings. His friends, many of them, suspected the integrity of the judgment, and some little time before his death were anxious to know whether he had not changed his opinion. "So far from it," said he, "I have lately read his poem again, and only regret that I did not more fully explain myself, in some of my reflexions on Longinus. I would have begun by acknowledging, that Tasso was a genius of the most sublime and extensive order; born for poetry, and the higher poetry. But then, coming to speak of his use of this talent, I should have shewn that good sense is not always his predominant principle. That in his narratives he loves the agreeable rather than the essential; that his descriptions are almost always loaded with superfluous ornaments; that, in the expression of the strongest passions, and in the midst of the trouble they excite, he deviates into points of wit, which put a sudden stop to his pathos; that he is too florid in his images, too full of affected turns and frivolous thoughts, which, so far from suiting his Jerusalem, should hardly find place in his Aminta. Now all this opposed to the grave majesty of Virgil, what is it but tinsel opposed to gold?"

Hist. de l'Academie Francoise, *Tom.* 2.

The above quotation is not made with any view to enter into the merits of the opinion, but to shew that Boileau to the last persisted in it, and also to shew, slightly sketched, indeed, and unexemplified, the grounds which led him to maintain it. Dr. Johnson once said, "Boileau will be seldom found wrong;" and Addison received this sentence implicitly. Probably the too strict demand of male and rigid good sense, in thought and expression, lowered Telemaque into prose, and made the Henriade of Voltaire a history in rhyme. It will admit of doubt, whether the action of the Eneid is always strictly conformable to the great presiding principle of Boileau. It is at the same time confessed, that if the structure of Virgil be insecure, the edifice of Tasso is not the less sullied by its superfluity of decoration.

SERIES OF SELECT POEMS BY LADIES.

NUMBER XX.

ANNE DOWRICHE,

A NON-DESCRIPT poetess, claims a niche in the vestibule to your temple of Fame, for having produced the following poetic rarity.

"The French Historie. That is; a lamentable discourse of three of the chiefe and most famous bloodie broiles that have happened in France for the Gospell of Jesus Christ, namely,

1. The outrage called the Winning of S. James his Streete, 1557.

2. The constant Martirdome of Annas Burgæus, one of the K. councel, 1559.

3. The bloodie Marriage of Margaret, sister to Charles the 9th, Anno 1572.

Published by A. D. Imprinted at London, by Tho. Orwin, for Tho. Man, 1589, 4to."

This publication is inscribed "To the Right Worshipfull her loving Brother, Master Pearse Edgecombe, of Mount Edgecombe, in Devon, Esq. by his loving Sister, Anne Dowriche," who modestly prefaces her work with the following address:

"To the reader that is friendlie to poetrie.

"What so thou be that read'st my booke,
Let wit so weigh my will,
That due regard maie here supplie
The want of learned skill."

The versified history of the French Martyrs mentioned above, extends to 74 pages, and the author thus states her reasons for becoming an historian in verse.

"First; for mine own exercise, being a learner in that facultie.

"Secondly; to restore againe some credit unto poetrie, having been defaced of late so many waies by wanton vanities.

"Thirdly; for the more noveltie of the thing, and apt facilitie in disposing the matter framed to the better liking of some men's fantasies, because the same storie in effect is alreadie translated into English prose."

The poem is composed in lines of fourteen syllables, but the l'Envoy only is here given, as affixed to a wood-cut of

"VERITIE PURTRAIED.

"From seate superiall of celestial Jove
Descended Truth, devoid of wordly weed,

And with the brightness of her beams she strove
'Gainst Satan, Sin, and Adam's fleshly seed,
Reproving wrongs, bewailing worldling's need,
Who think they swim in wealth, blinded by guile;
Yet wanting Truth, are wretched, poor, and vile.

"The world reprov'd, in rage attempts her wrack;
Satan assists, malicious men devise
Torments for Truth, bind scourges at her back,
Exclaim against her with blasphemous cries,
Condemning her, exalting earthly lies:
Yet no despite or pain can cause her cease;
She, wounded, springs, bedeck'd with crown of Peace."
Virescit vulnere Veritas.

S. K.

CHATTERTON.

It is not our intention or desire to touch, in the remotest manner, on the long and well-known controversy respecting this wonderful but ill-fated youth, whose works have recently appeared in a new form, with various improvements; to which recommendation is also added one still greater—a motive of humanity and benevolence, which reflects the highest honour on the liberality of the publishers, and will, we hope, meet with every reward such generous conduct deserves. The object, then, of the present paper is merely to submit to the public what would, we think, have afforded some innocent amusement, if not instruction, had it been held expedient by the editors to follow such a plan;—we mean, to have pointed out more coincidences, not to say imitations, that frequently occur in these poems unnoticed. We shall take a single piece, and remark those that strike us on a cursory reading.

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE,
Or the Dethe of Syr Charles Bawdin,

Our commencement will a little savour, we confess, of Addison's burlesque criticism on *Chevy Chace*, but we shall not always be found in the same vein.

The popular song of *Old Towler* is evidently a parody on these, the first three verses of the Bristowe Tragedie:

The featherd songster chaunticleer
  Han wounde hys bugle horne,
And tolde the earlie villager
  The commynge of the morne:

Kynge Edwarde sawe the ruddie streakes
  Of lyghte eclypse the greie;
And herde the raven's croakynge throte
  Proclayme the fated daie.

"Thou'rt ryght," quod he, "for, by the Godde,
  "That syttes enthron'd on hyghe!
"Charles Bawdin, and hys fellowes twaine,
  "To daie shall surelie die."

In the following passage we are forcibly reminded of Shakspeare:

"Before the evening starre doth sheene,
  "Bawdin shall loose hys hedde:"

"Canynge awaie! By Godde ynne heav'n
  "That dydd mee beinge gyve,
"I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade
  "Whilst thys Syr Charles dothe lyve."

Richard III. Act 3, Sc. 5.

"Off with his head. Now, by St. Paul I swear,
"I will not dine until I see the same."

Next—

"Wee all must die."

Horace. Ar. Poet. 63.

"Debemur morti nos."

Then—

—————————"bloode
"Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde."

Shakspeare—

————"lard the lean earth."

Further—

"Whatte though I onne a sledde be drawne,
  "And mangled by a hynde,
"I doe defye the traytor's pow'r,
  "Hee can ne harm my mynde."

Shakspeare—

HAMLET.

"I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
"And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
"Being a thing immortal?"

ANNE to RICHARD.

"Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
"His soul thou canst not have."

Epictetus. Enchir. c. 79.

Αποκτειναι μεν δυναντα, βλαψαι δ' ε.
They can kill me, but they cannot hurt me.

Chatterton was, perhaps, indebted to an air in the Beggar's Opera for the subsequent verse:

FLORENCE.

"Ah, sweete Syr Charles! why wylt thou goe
"Withoute thye lovynge wyfe?
"The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke
"Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe."

POLLY.

"Oh, ponder well! be not severe;
"So save a wretched wife!
"For on the rope that hangs my dear
"Depends poor Polly's life."

Towards the end—

"Soe lett hym die!" Duke Richard sayde;
"And maye echone oure foes
"Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe.

Shakspeare—

GLOUCESTER.

"See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death.
"O may such purple tears be always shed,
"From those who wish the downfall of our house."

Amongst the concluding lines—

"Godde prosper longe oure kynge,"

is of too frequent occurrence in old ballads to call for particular notice; and if we here terminate our observations, it is not for want of matter, but because we wish, however we may be deficient in the rest, to use this one excellent quality of wit—brevity.

SECUNDUS APOLLO.

OLLA PODRIDA.

Number III.

DRUMMOND, OF HAWTHORNDEN.

It has been well observed of Drummond, "that he possesses all the Doric delicacies of Comus," and the sweetness and delicious tenderness of his sentiments are indeed exquisite. Endued with all the pensive characteristics of genius, and with a heart feelingly alive to the soft persuasions of an elevated and ardent affection, his sonnets breathe all that mellowness of feeling, that tender elevation of sentiment, which distinguished those of the elegant Petrarch. The remains of the bad taste of a learned age, if not abundantly, may be, however, sometimes observed; and his more valuable sonnets are frequently debased by the quaint expression, metaphysic conceit, and learned allusion, so prevalent in all the writers of the preceding age.

Spenser appears to have been his model, and to whom many thoughts and expressions may be aptly traced: and though we may suppose Petrarch to have been familiar to him, yet I by no means conclude that he had any particular influence upon his pursuits.

The life of Drummond was tinctured with misfortunes in early life, which had a predominant influence on all his succeeding years: and the regret attending the death of the accomplished and amiable Miss Cunningham, led him to the solitude and seclusion of his favourite Hawthornden.

This distressing event increased his habitual melancholy, and gave birth to some of those sonnets which are rendered so truly delightful to taste and sensibility. How beautiful is that beginning with

"I know that all beneath the moon decays," &c.

that to his Lute, and to Spring, which is imitated from Guarini's Il pastor Fido

"O primavera! gioventù de l'anno," &c. &c.

This delightful passage is imitated likewise by Lord Lyttleton in his Ode to Spring, and serves Milton with those beautiful lines in Par. Lost. b. 3. l. 40.

"Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn."
&c. &c.

A poem of Surrey, "wherein eche thinge renewes save only the Lover," is taken also from the Italian poet. It would be curious to mark the constitution of beauty in the age of Chaucer and that of Drummond, by comparing Sonnet 7th with a passage in "the Craft of Lovers."

"O rubicunde rose and white as the lily,
Clarified chrystal of worldly portraiture!
O coursin figure, resplendent with glory.
Geme of beauty! O carbouncle shining pure!
Your fairnes excedeth the craft of nature:
Most womanli your loveli countinaunce
Registir my love in your remembraunce."

L. 8, in Sonnet 19, bears some likeness to a passage in the "Spring" of the virtuous Gawen Douglass, than whom few have painted the variety in the hues of flowers more beautifully or more naturally.

In his elegant Sonnet to the Nightingale, is an expression among many that may be remarked in Comus. Sonnet 33, l. 4.

"*Become all ear.*"

Comus, l. 560.

——— "I was all ear
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death" ———

Drummond's was probably taken from Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia.

"*I was all ear* to catch the heavenly turnings of her voice."

From Sonnet 7. part 2. l. 2. Milton caught that elegant idea which decorates his song in May Morning.

"The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose."

The sonnet concerning Rivers is the least interesting of any:—in it we are at a loss why he distinguishes the river Ladon by the epithet "humble." This river has had its share of attention from the poets. Ovid calls it "rapax Ladon," and Callimachus, in a translation of his Hymn Jov. v. 18,

"Ladon vero *magnus* nondum fluebit."

It is an error, however, of little consequence.*

* Ovid has the same inconsistency in regard to this river, that Shakespeare has to the Severn. In Metamorph. l. l. 702, he says,

"Arenosi *placitum* Ladonis ad amnem."

And in Fasti 5, l. 89,

"Mænalos hunc, Ladoxque *rapax*."

Thus

The sonnet beginning with

> "Alexis here she stray'd among these pines," &c.

And that,

> "Fair moon, who with thy cold and silver *shine," &c.

And many others, are some of the sweetest flowers in the poetical wreathe, that decked the golden ages of Elizabeth and James.

The generality of poems dedicated to women had been hitherto without meaning and without pathos: they were neither polite nor elegant; and Drummond may be said to have been the first in the language who celebrated a mistress with genuine feeling and with occasional classical propriety. In all his thoughts there is a richness of sensation peculiar to himself, and a felicity of expression exceeded by few of his successors and none of his contemporaries. And, in commenting upon some of his less legitimate ideas, we should consider that the classical pedantry, from the numerous translations which inundated that age, encumbered and fettered a genuine cast of thought, and commanded immediate attention to those spoils which time had yet spared. Instead, therefore, of wondering so much at the Italian Concetti, and the frequent allusions to ancient customs and persons, we ought to feel surprised that he has admitted them so seldom.

I cannot close this short essay without observing that Pope has borrowed without acknowledgment one of his most finished similes from Drummond's hymn to the "Fairest Fair."

> "As a pilgrim who the Alps does passe,
> Or Atlas' temples crown'd with winter's glasse,
> The airy Caucasus, the Apennine,
> Pyrene's Cliffs, where sun did never shine;
> When he some heapes of hills have overwent,
> Beginnes to think on rest, his journey spent,
> Till mounting some tall mountain, he doth finde
> More heights before him than he left behind."

Thus Shakespeare in Henry 4, Act 1, Sc. 3,

> When on the *gentle* Severn's sedgie bank
> * * * * *
> Upon agreement of *swift Severn's* flood.

* Shine was once used as a substantive. Faery Queen, 2, 181, and Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis, l. 828.

C 2

Thus Pope, Essay on Criticism, l. 225.

"So pleas'd at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky.
The eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise."

MORTIMER.

TRUTH

AN INDIAN TALE.

"Truth lies in a well."

[This tale is prefixed to a collection of fables in French. We were so pleased with its ingenuity, (though there are some reflections which we do not approve) that we thought a translation of it might not be unacceptable to the readers of the Monthly Mirror.]

As a fakir was taking his walk in a retired spot, the earth seemed to resound beneath his footstep. He stopped. "This place is hollow," he said to himself, "and perhaps incloses a treasure: what a happy man would it make me, should I be lucky enough to find it!"

The fakir began removing the ground, and soon observed a sort of vault; but after undergoing so much fatigue, he was greatly mortified at discovering nothing but the mouth of a *well*, which had apparently remained there for several ages.

Whilst he was surveying it with an air of disappointment, a female form, dripping with wet, shivering with cold, and quite naked, suddenly rose up; and being excessively beautiful, the fakir contemplated the figure with so much delight, that he never once thought of covering her with his cloak.

"O thou who surpassest in beauty the daughters of Brahma," said he, "tell me who thou art, and wherefore thou bathest in a well?"—"I am TRUTH," she replied. The fakir instantly grew pale, and fell on his knees, as if a fakir and truth could not possibly exist together.

The virgin being thus at liberty, advanced peaceably towards the city. A woman walking naked is not so great a singularity in

India as in other climates less favoured by the sun. There passed by her poets, sultanas, and eunuchs.

"Ah," said the poets, on beholding her, "how thin she is!" —"How indiscreet she is!" cried the sultanas. "How sad she appears!" ejaculated the eunuchs. None of them seemed to care about her.

A voluptuous courtier happened also to pass her. He perceived that she had a white skin, and had her placed in his palanquin.

Scarcely was she seated, when the mistress of the emperor appeared, riding on a dromedary, by order of her physicians. "How odd it is," cried *Truth*, "that the favourite sultana should have a crooked nose!"

The courtier trembled at this exclamation, and gave himself up for lost; for there was a law forbidding any one from speaking well or ill of the favourite's nose. He cast *Truth* into the middle of the highway, saying, "What a fool have I been to trouble myself with this babbler!"

She arrived at the gates of the city, and observing a person of an inferior order, enquired of him where she might find an asylum for the night. The man conducted her to his home, not doubting but this acquaintance would make his fortune.

The host with whom *Truth* had taken up her lodging, got his living by writing a gazette; where, each morning, every person in office read his own panegyric. Whenever, therefore, he went to the court, the slaves had orders to fill his pockets with the best remains of the kitchen.

The presence of our traveller very much deranged the affairs of this poor man. He had scarcely time to prepare his gazette, *Truth* saw him at work without saying a word, and when he had finished, erased every thing that he had written. The publication was two days behind hand.

The vizir, angry at this delay, called for the writer, and after giving him fifty stripes, permitted him to speak in his own justification. He did so with eloquence and propriety; so much the worse for the gazetteer, for the visir dismissed him with a hundred more bastinadoes.

This last punishment appeared singular to those who knew not how very just the visir meant to be. He did this, because he wanted the time which the punishment occupied, secretly to remove *Truth* from the gazetteer's house. Had he thought ninety-nine blows would have been sufficient for his purpose, he had too great a regard

for his fellow creatures, to have suffered one more to have been inflicted.

When the visir had gotten sole possession of *Truth*, he hoped to make advantage of her against his enemies; but it being announced that the emperor was coming that very day to visit his palace, and dreading above all lest he should see *her*, he ordered that, for the public good, she should be put to death.

Immediately four emirs placed her gently between silk cushions, embroidered and perfumed, and smothered her with every possible precaution. They afterwards threw the dead body into the most unfrequented spot in the garden.

The men in power imagined that *Truth* was dead, because she had been smothered some time: but this was not the case—the open air revived her, and she availed herself of the darkness of the night to leave the garden.

She took shelter in a vast library, where the Brahmins had stowed up the learning and wisdom of mankind for five thousand years. The night being cold, she lit a fire with some straggling leaves, but there was so much inflammable matter in the place, that *Truth* had but just time to make her escape with a few small volumes.

The library was burnt, and the librarians too. The Emperor came to look at the conflagration, and said with a satirical smile, "It is pleasant enough to see a library in flames." His satisfaction was the more sincere, since there had always been in India, a secret hostility between books and Emperors.

The vizir hastened to outlaw his victim who had thus effected her escape. In the morning the proclamation for that purpose was affixed to the public buildings. This dispatch need not be deemed surprising, for, in every chancery in the universe, there are always forms of proscription in readiness against poor *Truth*.

At day-break the unfortunate fugitive found herself beyond the walls of the city, near a neat little house, which was surrounded by a small garden; it was the residence of the sage Pilpay.* She entered it without apprehension, declared who she was, and demanded an asylum.

"This frankness pleases me," said the sage, in reply, "but it makes me tremble for you. If you should be recognized, nothing

* Pilpay or Badpay, an Indian philosopher and fabulist, became Minister to Dabschelim, and was in high reputation in the East.

can save you: follow me." They ascended a large gallery, which formed the upper story of the house.

Here were arranged in order the skins of all animals, the rind of every tree, the coverings of all sorts of beings. It might be seen at once that it was the repository of a fabulist. Pilpay having shewn it to *Truth*, thus addressed her.

"Since you can neither hide yourself, nor be silent, you had better assume a disguise. I can make you enter, at will, into all the figures you see here, which shall thereupon be instantly animated. You shall speak under these new forms, and you shall, without danger, reproach even the visir himself with his crimes."

Truth accepted the proposal, and was not ungrateful. The genius of her deliverer, inspired by her, illuminated all Hindostan. The Visir was deposed, and Pilpay appointed in his room. He arrived to an extreme age, surrounded by the blessings of the people; for Asia has no balm so powerful to prolong life, as the habit of doing good.

An instance of such high fortune, gave birth to a crowd of imitators, and the ambitious wished to share with philosophers the labours of Pilpay; but *Truth*, who penetrated their views, continued to conceal herself in the works of the wise, and resigned the rest to the phrenzy of their imaginations.

The inventors of fables found themselves thus divided into two very different classes, of whom one wished to instruct with gentleness, and the other to prevail at any rate. It will be rendering a great service to mankind, to teach them by what traits they may distinguish them.

The latter assemble the multitude, and cry out to them from an elevated place, "Slaves of Brahma, believe or perish; for what we are about to deliver to you is the *Truth*." Then they relate to them extravagant fables, which render the auditors either impostors or madmen.

The former, with a mild voice, and affable countenance, invite the traveller to stop, saying to him, "Friend, if thou art alive to mirth, laugh a moment with us. What we are going to relate to you is only a fable:" but the gay narrative conveys wholesome *truth* to the mind, and he who listens becomes better while he is amused.

††‡

THE FIRST TRANSLATOR OF HOMER.

EUROPE is indebted to Leontius Pylatus, who lived in the fourteenth century, for the first translation of the works of Homer; and nobody seems to know much about him. If it had not been for Boccace, who assisted him in this translation into Latin, we should not have been enabled to trace even the name of a man to whom the literary world is under so much obligation. He was a Greek—a native of Thessalonica, who taught his own language at Florence, and of whom the author of the Decameron has given the following portrait.

"His look was frightful; his countenance hideous; he had an immensely long beard, and black hair, which was seldom disturbed by a comb. Absorbed in constant meditation, he neglected the decent forms of society; he was rude, churlish, without urbanity, and without morals; but, to make some amends for this, he was profoundly skilled in the Greek language and Greek literature. Of the Latin his knowledge was but superficial. Aware that "a prophet hath no honour in his own country," he called himself a Greek in Italy, and an Italian in Greece. He had passed several years among the ruins of the *Labyrinth of Crete*."

Notwithstanding all the endeavours of Boccace and of Petrarch to retain this wandering character in Italy, he persisted in his resolution to return to Greece; but, scarcely had he set his foot in that country, when he wrote a letter to Petrarch, longer and more filthy than his beard and hair, as that author expresses himself, in which he extolled Italy to the skies, and spoke in the bitterest terms of Constantinople. Not receiving any answer, he embarked in a vessel bound for Venice. The ship safely arrived in the Adriatic, when suddenly a terrible storm arose. Whilst all on board were in motion to do what was necessary for the vessel in this predicament, the terrified Greek clung to a mast, which was struck with a thunderbolt. He died on the spot. The mariners and others were in the greatest consternation, but no other person sustained any injury.—The body of the unfortunate Leontius, shapeless and half-burnt, was thrown into the sea; and Petrarch, in relating this catastrophe to Boccace, says, among other things, "This unhappy man has left the world in a more miserable manner than he came into it. I do not believe he experienced in it a single happy day. His physiognomy seemed to indicate his fate. I know not how any sparks of poetic genius found their way into so gloomy a soul."

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REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

QUI MONET QUASI ADJUVAT.

A Journey from Edinburgh through Parts of North Britain: containing Remarks on Scotish Landscape, and Observations on Rural Economy, Natural History, Manufactures, Trade, and Commerce; interspersed with Anecdotes, traditional, literary, and historical: together with biographical Sketches, relating chiefly to civil and ecclesiastical Affairs, from the twelfth Century down to the present Time. In two Volumes. Embellished with forty-four Engravings, from Drawings made on the Spot, of the lake, river, and mountain Scenery of Scotland. By Alexander Campbell. 4to. *London.* 1802.

To those who are prevented, by a succession of home engagements, by the expence attendant upon travelling, or by other prudential motives, from exploring distant regions, which report has rendered interesting; it is a consolatory resource, that they can sit by their own fire-sides, and have the iconography of those regions placed before them, at a very trivial comparative charge; that they can gaze, as in a camera obscura, at the faithful representation of remote objects, and have those objects elucidated by an intelligent, though silent guide. We had reason to express our high satisfaction in vols. ix and x of our miscellany, at being conducted through part of the scenery which we now are called upon to re-view, by the late lamented Dr. Garnett: a name which cannot be uttered without a sigh of affectionate regret by all who knew the man, which cannot be written without a glow of grateful respect by all who received instruction from the philosopher. To Dr. Garnett we expressed our obligation for the varied entertainment he afforded us, while his ear was sensible of praise, and we are disposed to pay the same tribute, if it be warranted, to this later tourist, in his pedestrian circuit through the romantic wilds of Caledonia.

Dr. Garnett set forward from Glasgow; Mr. Campbell proceeds from Edinburgh; and it would have greatly assisted us in our descriptive sketch of the track which he pursued, to have been presented with a topographical chart of his tour on the plan of Dr. Garnett.

On quitting Edinburgh, Mr. C. turns round to take a view of the prospect whence he had proceeded, in reverse; while gathering

distance compresses into a clustered picture the dome of the register office, the tower-like appearance of the tomb of Hume, the ancient college church, the heights of Calton, Salisbury Craigs, and Arthur's Seat, together with the lofty masses of the old town, irregular, and but dimly discerned through smoke on the right, and on the left the clean, elegant, lengthening, and spreading new town: and, more than all, St. Cuthbert's church, over which impending, gloomy and wild, seated on its dark cliffy steep, the castle frowns, adding solemn dignity to this uncommon scene. Proceeding on his journey, he next arrives at a spacious opening on the left, called the Lothian road; respecting the formation of which we are presented with the following curious narration and anecdote.

"This road had been the subject of much speculation long before it was made. At last, however, a gentleman undertook, for an inconsiderable wager, to make this piece of road, about a quarter of a mile in length, and in many parts twenty paces in breadth, so far passable with one day's labour, as that he might drive over it in safety with his carriage: which, to the surprise of all who had heard of, or witnessed this whimsical undertaking, he accomplished, and thus gained his bet. The line of road was almost straight, and lay through fields, orchards, gardens, and a multiplicity of small houses. Lest any one, therefore, whose property in this direction might suffer injury when removing obstructions, should take the alarm, and make the application for legal means, which would at least retard, if not prevent such unusual and summary procedure, it was necessary to be secret and expeditious. Accordingly, matters were concerted with address, and executed with promptitude. It happened to be winter, when the labouring poor, in general, are out of employ, and a day's work now and then is all they have to depend on for a precarious and scanty subsistence. Of course, a sufficient number of hands were easily procured, and at no great expence. Many hundreds appeared on the ground at sun-rise, on this eventful day; a day of much mirth to some, while others had cause sufficient to lament the ravages of a very few hours. Parties filed off to various occupations: some to demolish houses, others to pull down dikes, some to root up hedges, others to cut down trees. In short, this ruthless band continued their depredations with unwearied assiduity, and before the fall of night, they had accomplished their business of destruction, as was then the opinion of some persons, but it evidently appears now to have been productive of public utility.

"Among the many scenes of temporary distress which this unexpected invasion occasioned, that experienced by a simple old woman, is supposed to have been one of the most ludicrous incidents of the day. Long before day-light, the good easy soul had milked her cows; for being a milk-woman, such was her usual occupation. Her pipe smoaked and tea taken, all things were in readiness, for her departure to serve her customers; but recollecting that a few friends were to eat some sheep's-head broth with her at mid-day, she with great composure prepared the kail-pot, put in the accustomed ingredients, and left it on the fire, so that it might simmer undisturbed till she should, on her return, cook it lei-

surely to her satisfaction. Judge of her surprise and disappointment, when, on her return, neither pot, nor fire, neither house, byre, nor cows, were in the places where she had left them;—all had suffered a material and radical change, having been swept away in the general wreck."

Mr. C. proceeds to the water of Leith, and ascending a gentle eminence a little way beyond the second mile stone from Edinburgh, takes a parting glance at that city and its environs. Among the ancient buildings which are discernible from this spot, Whitehouse and Merchiston-house are pointed out as most conspicuous. The latter of these reliques of former times is worthy of notice, as having been the chief residence of Napier, the famous inventor of the logarithms, a person to whom the title of *great man* is more justly due, says Hume, than any other whom his country ever produced.

"Napier," adds the present writer, "was like the great Newton, endowed with the highest ornament of genius and learning, modesty! and he knew, like him, how to appreciate the talents of others, with all the candour which a magnanimous mind is capable of feeling. This was exemplified in the hospitable reception he gave to the geometer of Gresham college, Henry Briggs, who addressed him, on their first meeting, in the following words:—'My Lord, I have undertaken this long journey purposely to see your person, and to know by what engine of wit or ingenuity you came first to think of this most excellent help to astronomy, viz. the logarithms. But, my Lord, being by you found out, I wonder nobody else found it out before, when now being known it appears so easy.' It is yet a matter of doubt among the learned, whether the venerable professor of Gresham college himself had not some pretensions to the discovery of the geometrical series, known by the name of logarithms*. By his letter to Archbishop Usher, Mar. 10, 1615, it should seem that he rather applied himself to the study and improvement of them; his words being—"Napier, Lord Merchiston hath set my head and hands at work with his new and admirable logarithms. I hope to see him, next summer, if it please God; for I never saw a book which pleased me better, and made me more wonder."

Mr. C. pursues his route by the residence of that accomplished antiquary the late Sir James Foulis, of Collington, and passes near Dalmahoy and Hatton; the seats of gloomy Morton and intriguing Lauderdale, noticing, as he passes, the cultivated farms of professor Ferguson, well known for teaching the science of ethics

* See Hutton's History of Logarithms, p. 37.

and the philosophy of the human mind. Here our traveller pays an incidental tribute of respect to his own collegiate instructor Mr. Dugald Stewart, and noticing one of the oldest churches extant in the village of Corstorphine, soon after gains a height from which the distant prospect beams sublime. He discerns the Grampian mountains, the Ochil hills, and the magnificent Ben-ledi, whose top seems to reach the heavens; and here for the present we must leave him.

[To be continued.]

The Complaynt of Scotland, written in 1548. With a Preliminary Dissertation and Glossary, &c. Continued from page 328 in our last Volume.

THE author of the Complaynt professes to dedicate the first labour of his pen to the Queen Regent, and it is curious, as Mr. Leyden remarks, to observe the similarity of the complimentary style which the author adopts, to that which is employed in the solemn speeches of some barbarous tribes. Our limits, however, do not permit us to exhibit the specimens that are adduced.

In the prologue which follows the "Epistil to the Quenis Grace," the author palliates the defects of his composition, and attempts to evade the charge of presumption, by alledging his desire of promoting the public utility. 'Every craft,' says he, 'is necessary for the public good; and he that has the gift of traduction, his faculty is as honourable, useful, and necessary, as that of the mariner, merchant, cordiner, carpenter, captain, or civilist.' To an author who professes to address the common people, such an apology was the more necessary, as the influence of literary productions, at that period, was far from being extensive. As few of the commons could read, the most exquisite composition in prose could never equal the popularity of a minstrel.

After the Prologue, the author, in order to discover whether the series of disasters which had almost ruined the Scotish nation, portended the final extermination of that people, or was intended by the Deity for the correction of their vices, proceeds to investigate the general cause of the mutation of monarchies and states. He determines that these revolutions ought to be considered as the punishments of Heaven, inflicted on great national vices: he corroborates his position by the citation of divers passages of Scripture: vigorously controverts the opinions of different philosophers concerning the influence of Fortune, and the permanent state of the natural world; while he intermingles powerful exhortations to unanimity, and breathes a fierce spirit of vengeance against the 'auld enemeis.'

The second division of the Complaynt, denominated the Mono-

logue of the Author, though at this distant period the most curious, has the least connexion with the proper subject of the work. It is here that the author may be expected to display his favourite topics of discussion, and his strongest associations of ideas; and it is here therefore that Mr. Leyden regards his coincidences with Lindsay, as more important and striking. Mr. L. proceeds to produce his comparative resemblances; and has enriched this portion of his preliminary essay, with a curious and interesting assemblage of extracts from various ancient MSS. in the library of Advocates at Edinburgh. Among these we are presented with an unpublished relique, entitled the "Orisoune of Chauceir to the Haly Virgin," consisting of twenty seven-line stanzas. It is, to our apprehension, more in the style of Lydgate than Chaucer, whose productions have been frequently confounded with each other. The MS. however, in which it is preserved, gives it decidedly to the latter. We were more agreeably gratified by perusing part of an inedited poem by Hamilton of Bangour, for which Mr. L. expresses his obligations to the valuable friendship of Dr. Robert Anderson.

In the third division of the Complaynt, which contains the Dream of the Author, he returns from the descriptive sketches of the Monologue to the proper subject of his work, the pathetic delineation of the miseries of his country, and the method in which these might be alleviated. The dream commences with the allegorical representation of Dame Scotia and her three sons Nobility, Clergy, and Commons. Scotia vehemently expostulates with them, on account of the mutual disasters produced by their mutual discords; inveighs in a severe and acrimonious tone against the cruelty and perfidy of the English; corroborates her assertions, by examples drawn from history; stigmatises domestic treachery; and exhorts to unanimity in repelling the hostilities of their auld [old] enemies, which she declares will be 'ane mair auful scurge, nor that the realme of France and the Empire hed tane querrel contrar Ingland.' To this severe objurgation, the third son replies, by accusing his two elder brethren of pride, oppression, and cruelty, and objects their vices, in vindication of his own conduct. Dame Scotia refuses to admit this vindication, and addresses her three sons successively, in a series of severe admonitions, in which she censures their particular vices; exposes their peculiar crimes; reiterates warmly her exhortations to unanimity; and endeavours to inflame them against the common enemy, by a recapitulation of the injuries they had sustained. Such is the outline of that part of the work, which may be properly denominated the Complaynt of Scotland.

Though numerous, minute, and characteristic traits of the habits and customs of a former period occur in the Complaynt, yet we find nothing more interesting in the variety of matter it contains, than that view of the popular literature of Scotland, which the enumeration of the current romances, songs, and dances presents. The known æra of Scotish romance corresponds to that of Scotish song; for the dirge of Alexander III. in Wyntown's Chronicle, is the earliest specimen of Caledonian song-writing, as the Sir Tristram of Thomas Rymour de Ercildoun, is supposed to be the most ancient romance. Barbour in the middle of the 14th Century, quotes the romance of worthy Ferambrace. Wyntown mentions the great gest of Arthure, and the adventures of Gauane: many more romances and heroes of chivalry, are spoken of by Lindsay and others. Religion herself cherished the genius of romantic fiction, and the clergy encouraged the perusal of books of chivalry, in preference to those which treated of theological subjects. Thus Hoccleve advises Sir John Oldcastle to desist from the study of holy writ, and peruse Lancelot de Lake, Vegetius, and the Siege of Thebes or Troy*.

Mr. Leyden has, with much and judicious care, arranged the tales and romances enumerated in the Complaynt, into three classes, British, French or Norman, and Classical, according to the heroes which they celebrate, or the subjects to which they relate. Of these it may gratify some readers to see the numerous titles, with the notices subjoined.

FIRST CLASS.

1. *The Prophysie of Merlin*, a species of Cyclic poem: in the Percy and Auchinleck MSS.
2. *Wallace.* The composition of a Scoto-Saxon minstrel; has passed through numerous editions.
3. *The Bruce.* A metrical history of an illustrious Scotish hero; published by Pinkerton, from a MS. dated 1489.
4. *The Tale of the King of Estmureland's Marriage to the King's Daughter of Westmoreland.* Conjectured to be the original of the tale of *King Estmere*, in Percy's Reliques, or the romance of *Hornchild.*
5. *Skail Gillenderson, the King's Son of Skellye.*
6. *The Tale of Sir Euan* [Ywain or Owen]. Arthur's Knight and a British Chieftain. A metrical legend entitled *Sir Owain* occurs in the Percy and Auchinleck MSS.

* See Mason's Preface to Hoccleve.

7. *Rafe Collyear.* Printed at St. Andrews, in 1572.
8. *Gauen and Gollogras.* Printed at Edinburgh, in 1508.
9. *Lancelot du Lac.* Printed at Paris, in 1494. A MS. copy of this romance is in the royal library.
10. *Arthour Knycht.* Now unknown.
11. *The Tale of Florimond of Albanye.* The name of this hero occurs in "Roswall and Lilian," a metrical romance.
12. *Syr Waltir the bald Leslye.* A romance of the crusades.
13. *Robene Hude and Litil Jhone.* Printed at Edinb. 1508, and republished in Ritson's edition of Robin Hood.
14. *The Tale of the Young Tamlene.* Originally a romance of Faëry, but as an historical ballad, still preserved and published in Scott's Border Minstrelsy.
15. *The Ryng of the Roy Robert.* A modernized copy occurs in Watson's collection of Scots Poems, 1709, Part II.
16. *Syr Egeir and Syr Gryme.* Preserved in Dr. Percy's folio MS. A Copy, printed at Aberdeen, in 1711, enriches the select library of Francis Douce, Esq.
17. *Bevis of Southamtoun.* Preserved in the Auchinleck MS.
18. *The Tale of the three Weird Sisters.* This romance is lost.
19. *The Wolf of the Warldis End.* Likewise lost, as are the three which follow.
20. *The Tale of the Red-Etin with the thre Heads.* The Red-Etin is still a popular character in Scotland.
21. *The Tale of the Giants that eat quick Men.* Derived, probably, from the Cyclops.
22. *The Tale of the three-footed Dog of Norway.* Suspected to be similar to the "Black-Bull of Norway," which is common in Scotland, and forms the ground-work of one of Musæus's Tales of the Germans.
23. *On Fut by Forth as I culd found.* Unknown.
24. *The pure Tint.* Probably the ground-work of "the pure Tint Rashy-coat," a common nursery tale.
25. *The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer.* Preserved in various MSS. as well as printed copies.
26. *The Marvellis of Mandiveil.* Printed by Wynken de Worde, 1499.
27. *The golden Targe of Dunbar.* Printed at Edinb. 1508, and in Lord Hailes's edit. of Bannatyne poems, 1760.
28. *The Paleis of Honour,* by Gavin Douglas. Printed at Edinb. 1579, and republished by Pinkerton in 1792.

SECOND CLASS.

1. *Arthour of Litil Bretange.* This seems to have been originally an Armorican story. The history of Arthur, an Armorican knight, was translated by Henry Lord Berners, the translator of Froissart.
2. *The bald Braband.*
3. *Ferrand, Earl of Flanders, that mareit the Devil.* This romance is lost; but the story is thought to have been the same which is related by Gervase of Tilbury. Otia. Imp. I.
4. *The Tale of the four Sons of Aymon.* Du Cange, in his Glossary (ad *ministelli*) quotes the fragment of an old chronicle, which declares that "Les quatres fils Haimon," were among the heroes of chivalry. "The right pleasaunt and goodly hystory of the four sonnes of Aymon," was printed by W. de Worde, in 1504.
5. *The Tale of the Brig of the Mantribil.* This seems to be lost, but the story is alluded to in Barbour's Bruce.
6. *The Siege of Milan.*
7. *Robert le Dyabil, Duc of Normandie.* This was extremely popular in France, and often printed on the continent. An edit. of the English version was published at London in 1798.
8. *Claryades and Maliades.* A fine MS. of this romance is preserved in the New-Hailes library.
9. *Ypomedon.* The hero of this romance is a Norman, though his name be derived from the Theban War. He is son of Ermones, King of Apulia, and, by his courtesy and skill in hunting, gains the affections of the heiress of Calabria, whom he visits in disguise. Warton was of opinion that it is translated from the French, and Tyrwhitt found that a romance of this title was written in French by Hue de Roteland, an Englishman. A MS. copy occurs among the Harleian collections, and in the Manchester library. The fragment of a printed copy is preserved in the library of Lincoln cathedral.

THIRD CLASS.

In this third class of romances, the heroes and heroines of classical antiquity are introduced in the characters of the knights and dames of chivalry; and the costume and manners of the middle ages are engrafted on the stories of Greece and Rome. It is extremely to be regretted that so few romances of this class are preserved, as they are no less illustrative of the ancient vernacular language, than those

compositions in which the characters, as well as the costume, are peculiar to the period of chivalry. It is not improbable, but the productions of Gower and Lydgate, who seem to have had a predilection for classical stories, might, by the superior popularity which they attained, supersede the more ancient romances, and occasion their sinking into oblivion. The compositions of this class, mentioned in the Complaynt, are

1. *The Tale of Perseus and Andromeda.*
2. *The Tale of Hercules and the Hydra with seven Heads.*
3. *The Tale of the Transformation of Acteon.*
4. *The Tale of Pyramus and Thisbe.*
5. *The Amours of Leander and Hero.*
6. *The Tale of Jupiter and Iö.*
7. *The Tale of Jason and the Golden Fleece.*
8. *The Tale of the Golden Apple.*
9. *The Tale of Dedalus, forming the Labyrinth for the Minotaurus.*
10. *The Tale of Midas.*
11. *Opheus, King of Portingal.* Whether any romance of this particular title exists, is uncertain. *Orpheus* is probably the name intended. In the Auchinleck MS. he is represented as king of Winchester, and the romance is entitled "Orfeo and Heurodis."

Besides these romances, the tale of "The Priests of Peblis," which was reprinted by Pinkerton, is cited in the Complaynt as a popular composition. Indeed, the preceding enumeration cannot be considered as complete, though it marks the peculiar taste of the author of this curious publication. A considerable number of the romances here recited, appear to have been equally popular in England about the period of the Complaynt; for the language in which they were composed was understood with nearly equal facility in both kingdoms, and the manners of the lower classes were not essentially different. From Dr. Percy's Essay on the ancient English romances, many additions to this list may be supplied.

We have so far exceeded the bounds which we had prescribed to ourselves in the examination of this volume, from the variety of attractive matter contained in the preliminary dissertation, that we are reluctantly compelled to close our report, without producing any specimen from the work itself: but this is of less moment, as the publication cannot fail to make its way into every antiquarian collection, from the admirable manner in which the editor has intro-

duced it to the world. The rarity of the original is not its only or even its highest recommendation, though the following statement will shew its value in this respect, and evince the laudable accuracy which has been employed in preparing the reprint.

"Of the Complaynt of Scotland (says the editor) only four copies are known to be extant; one of which is deposited in the British Museum; another belongs to his grace the duke of Roxburgh; a third to John M'Gowan, Esq.; and the fourth to Mr. G. Paton. All these copies were imperfect; but three of them have been completed from each other. The two last have been constantly used in this edition; and the museum copy has been occasionally consulted. For this favour, I beg leave to acknowledge the polite assistance of Mr. Heber, Mr. Ellis, and Mr. Park. For convenience of reference, the pages in this edition correspond exactly with those of the ancient copies. The orthography of the original, however barbarous or irregular, has always been preserved, except in the case of typographical blunders. With all his respect for ancient authors, the editor has never ceased to recollect, that no ancient of them all is so old as common sense; and he is ready to admit that the preservation of an obvious typographical error, has always appeared to him as flagrant a violation of common sense, as the preservation of an inverted word or letter; a species of inaccuracy which the most rigid antiquary does not hesitate to correct. To enable every person to determine whether this license has been abused, a list of such alterations is subjoined."

To the whole is added a most valuable glossary, in which the etymology and meaning of numerous antiquated words are illustrated by extracts from rare and inedited MSS.

Δωδεκαεδρον. *An Astronomical Twelfth Cake, for the Year* 1803. *1s. pp.* 8. *4to. Debrett.*

WITH regard to this *Astronomical Twelfth Cake*, our *Stars* have so ordered it, that it has been our *lot* to have to the full as much of it as we chose, but, unfortunately, we have not been so happy as to be able inwardly to digest it. Such a *composition*, indeed, rarely comes before us.

After having heard so repeatedly of the *ups and downs of this world*, we are here, at p. 6, amongst other things equally curious and important, seriously assured, that "the world has nothing to do with *upwards and downwards*." But, if some authors are occasionally allowed to speak for themselves, supposing them to understand their own meaning best, surely that privilege should not be denied to the present, to whom he must, in truth, be a hardy rogue, who ventured to become interpreter.* In the remarks on his "New Orrery of the Sun, Earth and Moon *only*," we have this *explanatory* passage :—

"Such an Orrery," says he, "would shew Tony Lumpkin, that the earth does not (like a cart wheel) go round and round the sun, nor the sun go round and round the earth: and thereby settle that long and wonderful controversy; and that the stars are not really pegged down, as some suppose, nor yet twinkled, as the books tell us, by the sun; but by the friction of their own motion, under the force of compression and concentration from space; whereby their motion is (as is that of our earth), just sufficient to prevent corruption by stagnation, without terrifying poor Lumpkin with the idea of his being hurled round in bed 1150 miles in a minute, or of the overthrow of our church-establishment, from such violent motion of the steeples.

We cannot refrain from giving the reader some *very agreeable* information that occurs in a N. B.

"The diagrams of the sun, earth and moon, are with the engraver, and will be shewn and EXPLAINED when desired; together with the doctrine of the Dodecahedron."

Wallace; or the Vale of Ellerslie, with other Poems, pp. 127, 12*mo*. *Glasgow*, 1802.

IT is no common gratification to us, to be able, from various recent experience, to testify this pleasing fact—that the Muse can inspire as warm and sweet a strain of poetry upon the northern hills, exposed to the roughest blasts of Heaven, as in the most luxurious valley of the south, cheered by a milder sun, and fann'd by the softest gales that breathe.

In the roll of worthies to whom Scotland is indebted for its poetical celebrity, the name of the author of "Wallace" will not be missing, nor will it be found in an inferior class. The piece now alluded to is an original, and the principal poem in this little collection. Its design is to trace the effects of natural scenery, and the education of a rude age, in forming the mind of a hero; which is admirably executed in the difficult stanza of Spenser, of which great master our poet appears a zealous lover, and a laudable imitator.

A single stanza will sufficiently confirm the justice of our eulogium, and assuredly excite no vain desire of more ample satisfaction in our readers.

The star of eve was bright—down the lone dell
With rocks up-pil'd, and mould'ring turrets crown'd,
Many a clear stream and mountain-torrent fell,
And sparkled to the gloomy woods around.
A calm, unwonted, fill'd the forest-bound——
When, lo! a voice the slumb'ring silence broke;
And as the strangely sad, prophetic sound

Rose in the woods——each hoary giant oak
Shook hollow in the wind !——And thus the Genius spoke.
St. I.

Here, as in many other parts of this delightful composition, we trace the reading of our author, which reflects credit on his taste and judgment, without making him, in our opinion, in the smallest degree liable to the impeachment of plagiarism. The end of the above stanza reminds us of these verses of Collins :

And blew a blast so loud and dread
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.

So again at p. 11 his

——enchanted look'd and smil'd,

recalls the

Hope enchanted smil'd,

of the Ode on the Passions ; as this line at p. 34 :

——till the wide green plain with crimson glows,

brings easily to our recollection these words of Shakspere,

——*making the green, one red.*

If we feel any regret with regard to this beautiful poem, it is that, when the martial ardour of our youthful hero is roused to deeds of arms, and we pant to follow him into the field of glory, the subject ceases, and we are left, unwillingly, " *to dream the rest.*"

After " *Wallace,*" we are presented with several smaller original pieces, full of pleasing imagery, delicacy of thought, and chasteness of expression. To these are added some translations from the most illustrious bards of Italy and Greece. The song of the Inchanted Bird, from Tasso, is prettily turned, though not in every part with equal success.

7

Oh ! haste to snatch the rose, beneath
The morn's delightful beam,
For clouds shall sweep yon radiant sky,
And shroud the golden gleam.

8

Oh ! snatch the rose of youth ; and dare
Love's blissful power to prove ;
While mutual sighs thy sighs may bless :
Thy love, a kindred love.

The latter verses are very inferior to the original. The former contains an idea not unlike one we have met with in two Greek lines to this effect :

Soon fades the rose; once pass'd the fragrant hour,
The loiterer finds a bramble for a flow'r.

The writer has also, at p. 91, worked up a thought in some degree similar, under this motto from Ausonius:

Conquerimur, Natura, brevis quod gratia florum est:
Ostentata oculis illico dona rapis.

Tasso, by the way, affords our fashionable dames a little wholesome advice in one passage of this song.

Quanto si mostra men, tanto è più bella.

The lovelier still the less betray'd,
She wins with charms unseen.

P. 65.

We cannot notice our author's version of a chorus from the Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles, without remembering, with the most grateful sensation, the rich treat we some years since enjoyed in the perusal of all the chorusses in this piece, freely translated with the tragedy itself, by the Rev. Mr. Maurice, in a vein of poetry every way worthy of the great original. This fine, bold translation, is rarely to be found, and consequently not so much known as its superior merit deserves. We should, indeed, marvel at this, could we not account for the neglect it receives from its author, by turning our eyes towards his other productions, of more original and more exquisite poetical merit, but especially by casting them on that lasting monument, the erection of which, he is now on the eve of finishing, from the rich and curious materials he has, with an ardent genius, and unwearied industry, dug from the deep, dark, and almost inaccessible abodes of the Archives of India, which labours are truly alone enough to render all minor acquisitions of fame superfluous and undesirable.

Our Scotch Poet, although as free in his version of this chorus,* as Mr. M. and deserving of considerable praise, will not bear a favourable comparison with the English Bard. To reverse the sense of a line of the former, we may justly say—

The glowing Rose *above the* Thistle *tow'rs.*†

* There was no necessity to quote either Greek or Italian; but if the author must give the original, he should not fail to give it correctly. In the four words prefixed to this chorus, there are two errors—ὀυτιν for οὔτιν and θεοπιεπεια for θεοπιεπεια. So in the Italian from Tasso, we have *de la* for *della*, and *inanti* for *avanti*, as it stands in the Venetian copies.

† The thistle tow'rs above the haughty rose. P. 33.

This would abundantly appear by a citation from each. The length, however, to which we have already run, precludes any such demonstration, and we must abruptly terminate our review of this volume, with a strong recommendation of it to every amateur of genuine poetry.

Memoirs of Alfred Berkley; or the Danger of Dissipation. By John Corry, Author of a Satirical View of London, the Detector of Quackery, &c. London. 8vo. 1802.

The rapidity of Mr. Corry's pen keeps pace with its versatility, and as the guidance of it appears to be controlled by moral impulse, we readily contribute our stimulus of applause, to make him hold his course "right onward." Alfred Berkeley is not one of those ideal characters which are fabricated in the visions of fancy, or manufactured in the day-dream of a literary recluse. The author is an attentive observer of human nature, as it appears in the living circles which surround him, and aims, with no unsuccessful bird-bolt, to 'shoot the reigning folly as it flies.' In the present production he takes up the poetical pencil, to depict the charms of vernal beauty, and we with pleasure exhibit an effort of his talent in descriptive song.

JUNE. An Ode.

"Glittering with the morning dew,
And illum'd by fairest light,
Nature's beauties meet my view,
O'er the virent landscape bright.

"Hill and dale, and shady grove
Glisten in the light of day,
And the azure sky above
Shines magnificently gay.

"Countless herbs and flowerets bloom
O'er the meads in vivid hues:
And a cheering rich perfume
Through the flowing air diffuse.

"Fair the springing glossy corn
Waves luxuriant in the gale,
Sweet the blossom'd beans adorn
And perfume the fertile vale.

"Odoriferous spirits rise
From the fresh unfolding flowers,
Living tints delight the eyes,
Where they grace the roseate bowers,

"Fair the graceful lily blows,
Scenting the soft breeze of morn,
And the beauteous pink and rose
June's Elysian robe adorn.

A Satirical View of London; comprehending a Sketch of the Manners of the Age. By John Corry. 2nd Edit. London. 1803.

THIS is the second edition of a work which we have already noticed with approbation, but the present impression is so much improved, that it seemed to claim this brief notification. At the same time, we are induced to give a short extract, for the profitable perusal of our fair country-women.

"The female habit ought neither to be so light as to give the wearer the appearance of a paper kite, subject to be carried away by every sudden gust; nor so warm as to remind us of the climate of Russia or Lapland. Simplicity of dress is, like modesty of manners, the handmaid of grace. Gorgeous ornaments distract the imagination of the observer; and the wearer, like the silk-worm, is hid amid her own magnificence: but a decent garb, adjusted to the elegant contour of the female form, concealing those beauties that would obtrusively force themselves upon our observation, and harmonising with a virtuous mind; this is the dress that we should recommend to the fair sex, and which, combined with a modest demeanour, is more attractive than the cestus of Venus; can render even beauty more amiable, impress the idea of angelic perfection and innocence on the mind of the beholder, and compel us to reverence virtue, thus personified in woman."

Mr. C. is every where severe, though not more so, perhaps, than the subject deserves, against the advertising quacks of the present day; and after citing a case of *empirical homicide*, in which the plaintiff, a merchant's clerk, obtained a verdict, with four hundred pounds damages, he proceeds to say:

"If the present legislature will exercise its authority in the total suppression of this most iniquitous traffic, in less than seven years hence, the names of *Brodum, Solomon, Perkins, Swainson, Gardner, Senate, Brer*, and the whole tribe of medical impostors, will be forgotten, or only mentioned with contempt and execration."

The Parish Church. A Discourse, occasioned by a Vacancy in the Cure of St. Mary, Aldermanbury, September 19; with Notes and Clericas, on Qui Tam. Respectfully dedicated to the Society for the Suppression of Vice. By John Moir, M. A. 8vo. *pp* 71. 1802.

To the learned and amiable author of this excellent discourse, the public is obliged for many valuable works, which tend eminently to correct the morals, and amend the heart.

"I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness," are the words of the psalmist, which the pious divine hath chosen as the foundation of this elaborate sermon; and on no occasion have we perused a more friendly and soothing admonition. The notes are really curious, and the whole Lecture, both from the nature of the subject, and the excellence of its composition, will be found peculiarly interesting.

The Museum of Wit; or, a Collection of Anecdotes, Bon Mots, Observations, &c. of the most distinguished Characters. To which are added several curious Compositions, selected by A—— C——. 16mo. 1802.

THIS Jest Book hath been produced by infinite labour, and a considerable share of taste. The stories are admirable, and many very excellent bon mots are new to us.

The Vale of Conway. A Novel. By a Lady. 4 Vols. 12mo. 1803.

THIS novel is the production of genius and of fancy; the story is well connected; the incidents are probable, and indeed dramatic. The author seems well read in the book of life, and hath profited by her experience.

We freely and conscientiously recommend "the Vale of Conway," as a work very superior in the scale of novels.

The History of Nourjahad. By Mrs. Sheridan. Author of Sidney Bidulph, &c. To which, for the first Time, is prefixed, a genuine Account of the Author. 12mo. Parry. Dublin. 1802.

THE History of Nourjahad is familiar to every body, but *the genuine Account of the fair Author* is little known. The works of Mr. Samuel White, of Dublin, so well known for his various literary effusions, and kind and benevolent disposition, supplied the memoir which accompanies this volume, and it is worthy the perusal of the public.

The Cambrian Biography: or Historical Notices of celebrated Men among the ancient Britons. By W. Owen. F. A. S. 12mo. 7s. 6d. Williams. Strand. 1803.

THIS is an age in which the lives of eminent men are contemplated with considerable interest, and one regrets that, as far as relates to the ancient Britons, there is so much barrenness in this department of literature. Mr. Owen, however, has, with great labour, laid the foundation for an extensive book on the subject. We regret he has not himself chosen to extend his materials. The pure style in which the work before us is written, sufficiently proves the author's ability to perfect his plan.

Moral Education, the one Thing needful. Briefly recommended in four Letters to a Friend. By Thomas Simons. 8vo. 1802.

THIS pamphlet is well entitled to attention; it is written in a correct and pleasing style, and contains some very excellent observations respecting the education of youth. The author thinks that the moral duties are too much neglected, though he does not, as some intemperate writers have done before him, call the classics to account for the degeneracy of the age; but he is of opinion, and we concur with him, that parents are not sufficiently impressed with the importance of religious instruction, and are more anxious to make their children learned and accomplished, than virtuous and pious.

Mr. Simons has quoted passages from our best writers on the subject of education, upon which he comments with great candour and acuteness, and applies the whole to the system pursued in the present day, proposing at the same time a variety of regulations by which it might be improved.

DRAMATIC.

A Tale of Mystery, a Melo-Drame, as performed at the Theatre-Royal Covent-Garden. By Thomas Holcroft. 8vo. 1802.

THE plot of this piece was detailed in our number for November last, and we accompanied it by remarks on the merit of the drama, at length; so that we have now little more than to notice the appearance of the melo-drame in print. We beg, however, to correct an error in our account of the story, which has been pointed out to us by a correspondent. We have said that "*eight* years after the disappearance of *Francisco, Count Romaldi* proposes to marry his son to *Selina.*" Instead of "*eight,*" the word "*many*" may be substituted. It was eight years after Francisco's escape from the Algerines, into whose power he had been decoyed by his brother, before the birth of Selina.

In an advertisement, Mr. Holcroft acknowledges his obligations to the French Stage.

"I cannot forget the aid I received from the French drama, from which the principal incidents, many of the thoughts, and much of the manner of telling the story, are derived. I exerted myself to select and unite masterly sketches, that were capable of forming an excellent picture; and the attempt has not failed."

There is a handsome dedication of the melo-drame to Clementi.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

IMITATIO VITAE, SPECULUM CONSUETUDINIS, IMAGO VERITATIS. *Cicero.*
The Imitation of LIFE---The Mirror of MANNERS---The Representation of TRUTH.

CURSORY REMARKS ON SHAKSPEARE.

NUMBER IX.

"His beard was *grizzl'd?*"
Hamlet, Act I. Sc. 2.

Dr. Johnson has not noticed the word *grizzled* in his dictionary: but its meaning we know to be *grey*. The expression was common about Shakspeare's time; for in a proclamation of King James (1606) for the discovery of Henry Garnett, alias Walley, alias Darcy, alias Farmer, one of the Jesuits concerned in the Gunpowder Conspiracy, there is a description of his person, in which "the haire of his head and *beard*" are represented to be "*griseled.*"

"———as kill a king!"
Act III. Sc. 4.

Steevens says "this exclamation may be considered as some hint that the queen had no hand in the murder of Hamlet's father:" and Mr. Malone agrees with him. But may it not be considered, with equal probability, as the sudden exclamation of *detected guilt?* It is true that in the old *Hystory of Hamblet*, the queen, in the conference with her son, denies that she had any hand in the murder of her husband. Indeed, circumstanced as she was, it would have been strange had she confessed her crime. It is also true, that we have no *positive assurance* in the play that she was guilty: but that she was acquainted with the fact, and connived at it, I think there can be little doubt.

This "seeming-virtuous queen," having consented to an incestuous intercourse with her husband's brother, "a wretch whose natural gifts were poor to those of her husband"—"a slave that was not a twentieth part the tythe of her precedent lord," it is scarcely possible to free her from a suspicion that she acquiesced in the murder of a man, who, while alive, must have stood in the way of her guilty pleasures.

The whole of the ghost's narrative bears very hard upon the queen: and though the spirit enjoins Hamlet not to "let his soul

contrive aught against his mother," to save him from the guilt and horror of parricide; he adds, immediately after,

"Leave her to Heaven,
And to *those thorns that in her bosom lodge,*
To prick and sting her."

Hamlet himself assuredly thought her guilty. His first exclamation, on the disappearance of the ghost, is against his mother.

"O most pernicious woman!"

In the play, selected with a view to discover the guilt of the usurper, *Baptista* is represented as an accomplice in the murder of *Gonzago*, and when the player queen says,

"In second husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first"—

Hamlet observes "*that's wormwood*," with an evident application to the queen; and soon after he pointedly asks her how she likes the play. The speech which calls forth the iteration of his mother, "as kill a king!" also plainly indicates how much Hamlet suspected her of a participation in the crime.

"A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and *marry with his brother*."

This is the *act*, the *murder of his father*, which "roars so loud, and thunders in the index," and at which "Heaven's face doth glow, and the Earth is thought-sick."

It may therefore be reasonably inferred, from the following speech, that the share she had in the transaction, was among the "black and grained spots," which conscience presented so forcibly to her view.

"O Hamlet, speak no more;
Thou turn'st my eyes into my very soul;
And there I see *such black and grained spots*
As will not leave their tinct."

J. B.

ON THEATRICAL SCHOOLS,

BY MADAME HYPPOLITE CLAIRON.

SINCE my retreat from the theatre, I have continually been hearing of the necessity of having dramatic schools. The public think them practicable, and likely to be advantageous; and considerable sums have been raised for their establishment. Nothing more clearly

proves that the managers of theatrical representations have not the least idea of what constitutes a great actress. We learn to dance and sing as perfectly as possible, because these two talents have regular rules and principles, which the most ignorant may understand and practise; but I know of no rules, of no principles, which can teach people every species of knowledge, every species of acquirement, necessary to produce a great actress; I know of no rules which can teach us to think and to feel: nature alone can bestow those faculties, which experience, study, and opportunities, afterwards develope. The only schools from which there is a reasonable and probable expectation of advantage, are the provincial theatres. The necessity of obtaining an engagement, the emulation of excelling each other, the dread of public disapprobation, the practice which the memory obtains by a continuance of labour, the ease and familiarity acquired by a daily appearance upon the stage, the facility of thereby acquiring a good ear, and of enlarging one's ideas by seeing entire pieces performed, and by observing their effect upon the public, will achieve more in six months towards the formation of a good actress, than two years instruction in private, whatever may be the talents and ability of the master. I do not think I am actuated by any very great degree of vanity in comparing myself with the actresses of the present day: they will, I trust, pardon me for asserting, that I do not believe them better instructed, superior in ability, or more serviceable on the stage than I was. I have spared no pains in forming the talents of Mesdemoiselles Dubois and Rancourt. I appeal to all who have seen them—my charming scholars have evinced the greatest abilities: but, alas! notwithstanding all my cares, added to what they received from nature, I have never been able to make any thing more of them than mere imitators of myself. The utmost hopes were formed from their first appearance; but it was because I was behind the curtain, and the public was captivated by youth and beauty. When I ceased my lessons, their talents vanished.

It is nature alone that can form splendid characters in any walk of life. Observe the state of mankind with respect to the arts, sciences, and learned acquirements; and from the small number of those who may be said to excel, you will be able to determine how impossible it is to command genius, or to impart it by instruction.

When a young actress discovers spirit, an accurate judgment, sensibility, force, a good voice, memory, and a countenance happily formed for the characters she is to represent, let her not want the means to improve them; provide her with such masters as may be

necessary to enable her to develope her ideas: let her not languish in a state which may repress the energy of her mind, and retard her progress; let her not feel the necessity of resorting to vice to obtain the situation she is emulous of; recommend to her to listen with attention to the advice which the public, or others of the same profession with herself, may give, as to her evincing too much or too little warmth of feeling, dignity of action, or grace of deportment: let her second the efforts of her friends to forward her improvement. Such, according to my opinion, are the only possible means by which an actress can derive advantage from instruction. Is it to be supposed that Preville can instruct others to perform Orosmane and Semiramis? that Molè can create actors fit for all characters? It is an absurdity, at which they themselves must laugh in their sleeves. To give themselves airs of importance, form a seraglio among the female candidates for theatrical fame, amass money, and become the terror of the whole stage, are all these gentlemen pretend to, or can perform.

I shall be answered, perhaps, that the provincial theatres do not furnish good subjects. I agree that comic opera and the ballet absorb every thing else; and that, at present, performers in that line are the most essential part of the theatrical company. The talents required for such situations are in the reach of every one, whatever may be their educations; and those who have acquired them may, at any time, make sure of gaining a livelihood; their dresses are furnished by the managers, and their salaries are, generally, liberal.

But the talents for the French theatre demand an education of a peculiar nature, and comprehending a variety of branches; they also imply the possession of many gifts of nature, and that the actress should be of an age competent to understand, feel, and compare what she studies; the dresses are extremely expensive, and are entirely provided by the actress herself; the salary is small at first, and is never increased to what may be termed a sufficiency, until after a lapse of several years, and then, perhaps, not without that protection which, in many instances, is not to be obtained without concessions, far from being congenial to the feelings and dispositions of every one.

Those who make the stage their profession are for the most part in necessitous circumstances, and of indigent families. It is a natural choice for persons so situated, inasmuch as it is one which, of all others, presents itself as affording the fairest encouragement for talent, and the surest prospect of immediate emolument.

CATO.

THERE has been much difference of opinion respecting the pronunciation of this word; whether we should use the *a slender*, as in *case*, which, as Dr. Johnson says, is the proper English *a*, or the *open a*, as in *father*.

The advocates for the latter tell us, that it is the old Roman pronunciation, and therefore the proper one. We believe the manner in which the Latin language was pronounced by the Romans has never been precisely ascertained. The great public schools of England have agreed, (not without good reason and due deliberation, it is to be presumed,) to adopt the *a slender*. And one of the universities, certainly, and we believe both, observe the same rule. Upon a point like this, we think they are entitled to attention; and *their* practice ought assuredly to govern that of the stage in the metropolis of *England*, whatever may be the case in Edinburgh or Dublin.

But admitting that the old Romans used the *open a*; Cato, in an English poem, is to be considered as an English appellation. We have plays from the Spanish, Italian, German, &c. but what a barbarous collection of sounds would issue from the mouths of our actors, if we gave to the names of the several characters their precise original pronunciation. We have consented, on these occasions, to sacrifice propriety to convenience, and the character of our language. The French go much farther than we do, for they alter even the spelling of Greek and Latin names, and give them French terminations.

We must not say that it is absurd not to pronounce Cato as the Romans pronounced it, for the argument will then go too far. It is absurd to hear the Roman Cato recite the harmonious lines of the English Addison. If, however, the actors will have it C*aa*to, in defiance of Westminster and Eton, let them be consistent. Let it henceforth be Coriol*aa*nus, Hor*aa*tius, Ac*aa*sto, Cast*aa*lio; and let all the *Dram. Pers.* which we have borrowed from old Rome or modern Italy, be given, in future, with the genuine *os rotundum*, and then John Bull, whatever knowledge he may have of the languages, may perhaps fall in love with the sound.

A WESTMINSTER.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

On receiving, as a posthumous memorial, a pair of green-glass spectacles, which had belonged to the author of "The Task."

NOT that there needed, venerable bard!
Aught more impressive than the gifted page
To guard thy memory, or to latest age
Rivet the fond remembrance that I shar'd
Thy friendly thought, and thy benign regard
Unshaken held. More could not need, meek sage!
My life-long glow of reverence to engage,
Or leave thy lov'd idea unimpair'd.
Yet precious is the relique which did shade
Thy living temples from 'excess of light,'
While Fancy round each emerald circlet play'd,
While Genius flash'd beneath the mimic night,
And Hope, star-crested, shot a lucent ray,
To light earth's pilgrim on his heaven-ward way.

T. PARK.

The *gifted page* alludes to a copy of Mr. Cowper's poems, received from the author.

AN ECLOGUE.

IN THE YORKSHIRE DIALECT.

WHOI Deick's that thee? prethea whear arta baen
Sea leat, for twoileet nae hez loang been daen;
Eit's varry deark, an ne'er a stear eiz at,
And Will-wit-wisp eiz flicken(*a*) fest abait.
Ause baen, says Dick, to fin aer yung polled kea, (*b*)
Shu hez bien meissin ever sin yesterdea,
An maister nae hez sent me to tha meill,
He heard that shu wor thear, an eiz thear steill.
And arta nut affeard to goa eit deark,
A'um seur the thout on't maks moi heaart to weark; (*c*)
Eif tha a ghoast or boggerd (*d*) blick sud meet,
Nae wodent ta, Deick, then be sedly freet? (*e*)

(*a*) flying. (*b*) an heifer. (*c*) ache.

(*d*) Boggerd is supposed to be a supernatural appearance, which goes about at night in the shape of an ass, with large eyes, and a long chain round it.

(*e*) frighted.

Whoi hey, eif au a ghoast sud chonce to see,
Or boggerd, then 'twod sedly freetun me;
Boots thear's nea ghoasts, nur boggerds, aul be swoarn,
Sud thee an Pally taalk thru neet to moarn.
Nae goa wi'une, thee knaws eits nut a moile,
Aul tell thee tealls fort all the whoile;
Aul tell thee a teall o' summot (*f*) thet au saw,
'Tull pleaase thea weel, au tell thee 'tweill, au knaw.
Tha knaws lest statis, (*g*) au sett off to hoire,
Wi' Robin Harrow, Jeck, and Saumon Shoire;
We thout eit best to goa tu't' Sheaf-o-Wheaat,
An thear we greed at neet ageaan to meet:
We went to t' feaar, an aull gat hoird boot Jeck,
He wor soa med, he sware he'd ne'er goa beck,
Boot leist he wod; we told him he wod rue,
An for a soudger went, aull we cud due.
Poor Saumon croied, au thout heiz heaart wod brust
An sed heid steay aull neet, cum best cum wurst;
An Robin sed, cum Deick, we'll stea teill noine,
For then abaits, the muin begeins to shoine.
Au did'unt loike eit, boot au sat ma daen;
We drank, teill Saumon cud'unt steand alaen,
Au felt moi heaad turn raind, soa up au gat,
An sed to Robin, "cum, lets peay the shat, (*h*)
"Aul stea nea longherr, we sud gone affoor,
"For we mun goa thru't Churchyeard or Braemmoor,
"Tha knau aum freetund when au goa thet weay,
"Twor thear au summot saw eit oppun deaye."
Au hed'unt speick'd (*i*) fore Jeck cam ein soa foin,
An ein heiz hend a greet broaad swurd deid shoine.
He sed to Robin, eif we boath wod stea,
Thet nauthur on us sud a fearthein peay.
Au saw the soudgers weink, but au sed "noa,
"For whether Robin wod or nut a'ud goa,
"Be seur, au did'ont loike to goa maisell,
"But au'd due thet affoor moi loif au'd sell."
He wod'unt stur, for aull thet au cud seay,
Soa au sed "Robin, tha mun tak thoi weay."
Weel, off au set, boot wor soa pleagy scear'd, (*k*)
For ev'ry stoop (*l*) au saw mead me affeard;

(*f*) something. (*g*) statute fair. (*h*) reckoning.
(*i*) spoken. (*k*) frighted. (*l*) post.

'Teill last au whistlin cam to t' church-yeard stea—
Au thear, for sartan, thout that au sud dee.
Au just hed gat one fooit at top-at-stee, (*m*)
An summot aull e'whoite eit poarch did see;
(Tha knaws eits varry deark, but t'muin shane breet,
An aull t' church-yeard abait wor loike deay-leet)
Wi' ees, (*n*) au thout thea leike pot-leids deid luik,
(Seitch az aer miestrifs hiz, eit Chimley (*o*) nuik. (*p*)
An then eit stur'd, an luik'd soa freetful beig,
Au ten aweay, ez fest ez legs could leig; (*q*)
Au nivver stopp'd, teill a'ud quoite loast moi breaath,
Boot seur enough, wor hommass (*r*) sceard to deaath;
"Oah deary me, what sall au due," au sed,
"Au weish au wor at hoam, and seaf e' bed.
"Eif au goas daen thet laen, an over't moor.
"Eits ten toimes warse, au thear wor freet affoor,
"Au whoi theis Ghoaast sud meet me aull e'whoite,
"Au cannot theink, au nivver deid noa spoite,
"Eit winnut hurt ma seur, an au can't boide
"To stea eit coud aull neet, boi theis roaad soide."
Soa beck au went, au cam to't stee agean,
Au luik'd an saw eit stan eit poaarch quoite plean,
Au stood a beit, but daen at lest au sat,
An sed moi prey'rs, an ovver saufly gat.
Au slawly waalk'd, moi knees thea trembulld soa,
That au cud heardly, authur stend or goa,
Moi chaps thea chatthurd (*s*) an loike peys (*t*) the sweaat
Ren daen moi feace, au wor ein seitch a heat,
Moi varry hear loike stubbull stood upreight,
For eit cam ait, an waalk'd up to ma streight;
Nai what du'st ha theink eit wor, au knau thea'lt stear
Whoi' twor nout (*u*) boot Pauson's awd greay meaar;
Au wor soa pleaas'd, au set up seitch a shait
"'Sthet thee awd Doll, a'am gleed au fun thee ait."
Nae sein au am'mut (*x*) fear'd goa wheer au weill,
Au've dun moi teall an here's the meill.

SELWYN.

(*m*) stile. (*n*) eyes. (*o*) chimney. (*p*) corner.
(*q*) go. (*r*) almost. (*s*) chatter'd. (*t*) peas.
(*u*) nothing. (*x*) am not.

LINES

TO A YOUNG WOMAN,

Who left her home at Bury in consequence of some Disappointment.

ADDRESSED TO HER IN LONDON,

By GEORGE BLOOMFIELD,

Brother to the Author of the "Farmer's Boy."

Say, dear Eliza, say, why leave your home,
'Midst proud Augusta's smoke and dust to roam,
While youth, while innocence and health invite,
And give a zest to every pure delight
That springs from rural shades and sunny fields,
And all the glorious scenes that summer yields?
Say, could a sordid youth's invidious art
With disappointed love thus wound your heart;
Or, under sacred friendship's holy name,
Strive in your breast to kindle love's pure flame?
And when your tell-tale eyes the truth have told,
He flies from faithful love to catch at gold.
Say, could your sister's fondness fruitless prove,
And e'en your parents' most assiduous love,
The balm of consolation to impart,
Or soothe the anguish of your wounded heart?
But time and absence, powerfully combin'd,
May cure the wounds inflicted on your mind.

As late, with happy friends encircled round,
Domestic joys your every wish had crown'd,
In useful labour past the hours away,
And social converse cheer'd each happy day;
And when, at length, the weekly toil was ended,
Content and cheerfulness were sweetly blended
In every happy face that form'd the ring,
When met, their great Creator's praise to sing,
Or, joyous, in anticipation trace
The coming Sabbath's holy rest and peace;
When Mills, whose manly, eloquent discourse
Essays religious duties to enforce;
Or Phillips,* who, with philosophic scan,
Displays the wond'rous gifts of God to man;
Skilful the moral lesson to impart,
T' inform the judgment, or to warm the heart.

* Mr. Mills, an eloquent church preacher: Dr. Phillips, a dissenter.

Or, haply, each the fav'rite walk propose,
Where flowery spring with every beauty glows;
To tread, excursive, nature's carpet green,
And find a temple in each sylvan scene,
Up to the grove, gracing the Mount's* proud brow,
Or Fornham's† daisy'd vale that smiles below,
Or Ickworth's‡ far-spread park and lofty dome,
And Hargate's§ pleasant hill, where furze and broom
With yellow blossoms variegate the scene,
And deck with gold the universal green.
If, when the glorious sun begins his race,
Dark vapours rise, and clouds obscure his face,
With anxious looks they watch the windward skies,
And gladly hear the rustling breezes rise,
That drive the vapoury curtain far away,
And give the earnest of a pleasant day.
'Tis so with you, dear maid, in youth's bright morn,
On adverse winds though clouds of cares are borne,
Though inauspicious seems your rising day,
TIME gently sweeps those brooding cares away.
Still, through the changeful scenes of life, you'll find
That virtue is the sunshine of the mind;
And soon some faithful and deserving youth,
With unfeign'd friendship, constancy, and truth,
Whose worth your better judgment shall approve,
Shall rivet with esteem the chains of love;
Hymen shall all his choicest blessings shed,
As through the storms of this short life ye tread.

But when the ever-changeful year comes round,
And spring again with daisies decks the ground;
When nature's music flows in lofty strains,
Oh, come, dear girl, and see your native plains;
What heart-felt joy your presence shall inspire,
Make glow the bosom of your worthy sire,
Your mother's tenderness! But ah, what art,
What words can paint the feelings of the heart!
May no obtrusive cares your bliss annoy,
And the poor bard shall have his share of joy.

* The Mount, the seat of —— Symonds, Esq. late our Recorder.
† Fornham, the seat of —— Howard, Esq. heir to the D. of Norfolk.
‡ The surprising building now going on, for the Earl of Bristol.
§ The residence of Dowager Lady Collum.

SONNET,

On having written Verses under that Title, without conforming to its essential Requisites—renouncing the Error. Occasioned by the elegant monitory one in the last Number, by C. L.

I.

Let the sublimer Muse, who, wrapt in night,
Rides on the raven pennons of the storm,
Or o'er the field, with purple havock warm,
Lashes her steeds, and sings along the fight;
Let her whom more ferocious strains delight,
Disdain the plaintive Sonnet's little form,
And scorn to its soft cadence to conform
Th' impetuous terror of her hardy flight.

II.

But me, far lowliest of the sylvan train,
Who wake the wood-nymphs from the forest shade,
With wildest song—me, much behoves thy aid
Of mingled melody, to grace my strain,
And hide—(the ear with thy sweet Music caught)
The native baseness of the Muse's thought.

Nottingham, Jan. 14th. H. K. WHITE.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

DRURY-LANE.

Nov. 30.—*Hamlet.*—Mr. Foot is an actor of great promise. His conception of the character was just, and his execution of the most difficult points is striking and original. Very few young men have discovered so much thought and true discrimination, accompanied by such ardent sensibility, in their first essay. In deportment and action there is room, of course, for amendment; but there is "that within which passeth shew," which indicates real genius, and from which the highest expectation may be formed of his future eminence on the stage.

Dec. 2.—In consequence of the indisposition of Miss De Camp, Mrs. Mountain took her character in *A House to be sold*, in which she introduced an Italian air with the most charming effect, and played the part, which is somewhat difficult, with great spirit and success.

8.—*Busy Body.*—Mrs. Jordan's *Miranda* is one of her happiest efforts in that line of comedy, which, since the retirement of Miss Farren, it has been her desire to sustain; it certainly does not satisfy criticism, but her archness, her nature, her *tout ensemble* is very agreeable, and affords infinite pleasure to the

audience. Of Mr. Bannister's Marplot it may also be said, that, in point of conception, it is far from correct, and in every respect much inferior to Mr. Lewis's; but he is bustling, and whimsical, and effective in it in a very high degree; and it will make no trifling addition to the reputation he has so deservedly obtained.

10.—*Every Man in his Humour.*—This comedy, as we have before observed, excellent as it is, is caviare to the multitude; for the allusions are obsolete, and the characters and manners, though admirably sketched and correctly preserved, are not easily to be comprehended by an audience of the present day. Mr. Cooke has lately done wonders for the play, in Kitely, at Covent Garden; and to the frequency of its repetition there, on his account, may be attributed the poverty of its attraction at Drury Lane. Bannister, however, was very well in many parts of *Bobadil*: in the celebrated *Gasconade* of "twenty more" he was particularly successful, and his ludicrous expression of shame, terror, and pain, after the chastisement he receives from *Downright*, was as completely in character as possible. Wroughton's *Kitely* was respectable, as are all his performances, but it did not boast any thing striking; Cherry in *Master Stephen* merits commendation; and Mrs. Powell looked very beautifully in *Dame Kitely*. The other characters were supported with all requisite ability.

15.—Mr. Stephen Kemble appeared in *Shylock*, for his benefit, and played it with judgment and spirit. He appeared literally to have "*fed fat* the ancient grudge he bore" *Antonio*; but, bating his corpulency, which did not properly suit a personification of that rooted malignity, which has possessed the "Jewish heart" of Shylock, the performance was creditable to his understanding and powers. Mr. Kemble delivered a *farewell Address*, which, as well as that spoken by Mr. Bannister, on his introduction, was written by himself. It is very ingeniously put together, and every line of it told.

18.—*As you like it.*—A Mr. Bartley, from the Margate stage, made his appearance in *Orlando*, and was well received. His performance was guided by good sense and feeling; and though he has no very striking requisites for the stage, he will probably be found capable of sustaining many secondary characters with much respectability. We understand that Mr. B. was recommended to the managers by Mrs. Jordan, who perceived his merit last summer, during her engagement at Margate.

27.—*Love and Magic*—a new Pantomime—which has afforded a vast fund of merriment to the holiday folks. The tricks, changes, and business are mostly taken out of former Harlequinades; but the compilation is so ingenious, the merit of the performers so conspicuous, and the effect of the first and last scene so excessively brilliant, that we are not surprised at its continuing its attraction so long. Mr. Byrne; little Oscar, the Harlequin in miniature; Grimaldi, and Miss Menage exerted themselves greatly, and were as greatly applauded.

JAN. 8.—*Count of Narbonne.*—Miss Woodfall, daughter of the very respectable literary character of that name, made her first appearance in Adelaide, a part well suited to the age, figure, and talents of the amiable *debutante*. Her reception, which was in the highest degree flattering, did not exceed her desert; we have, indeed, seldom witnessed so promising a first ap-

pearance. Miss Woodfall's person and countenance are very pleasing; her voice is not powerful, but the tones are clear and interesting, and seem to be guided by a correct ear. In the scene with the *Countess*, and in the dying scene, she displayed a degree of judgment and sensibility from which every thing may in time be expected. This theatre is much in want, at present, of a young actress, qualified like Miss Woodfall; and it will be the interest of the managers to bring her forward very frequently. The tragedy has great merit in point of composition, but is too outrageous and horrible in its plan to remain in much favour with the public, without the most superlative acting, such as we have seen from Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, in the Count and Countess; but the performers on this evening were not without considerable merit. Barrymore was skilful and animated in the laborious part of the Count, and Austin was very characteristically dressed and feelingly acted by Mr. Raymond. C. Kemble is a Theodore to whom neither Horace Walpole, nor Jephson, could make the slightest objection, and Mrs. Powell's Hortensia was dignified and impressive.

17.—*Richard III.*—Mr. Fearon, son of the late actor, and commander of an East-India man, attempted the part of *Gloster*, and "sailed before the wind" in a very capital style. He dexterously avoided the rocks upon which many of his predecessors have split, and bore his vessel triumphantly into port, amid the shouts of hundreds of his brother sailors, who attended to congratulate him on the success of his voyage. In plain English, Mr. Fearon has great requisites for the stage—a fine manly person, though rather too heavy; a voice equal to the utmost degree of exertion, freedom of deportment, confidence, feeling, and unabating spirit. He was applauded *to the very echo, which applauded again*; and certainly, if ever the audience were taken by storm, it was upon this occasion. In the latter acts, his bustle and spirit bear him along surprisingly, and in many passages, where these are not required, he has considerable merit; but in the more important qualities of Richard, his hypocrisy, subtilty, sternness, gloomy perturbation, &c. he is far from successful. He shews often a great want of discrimination, particularly in the soliloquies, and hurries over many of the most significant passages as if he were ignorant of their meaning. He appears, throughout, to be running a race with the character, and frequently gets the start of it. But there is much genius, notwithstanding these blemishes, and if he means to pursue the stage as a profession, there is very little doubt of his obtaining a respectable and lucrative situation on the Drury-Lane boards.

19.—*Orphan.*—Mr. Barrymore was taken so suddenly ill, at the end of the first act, that he was unable to proceed with the part of *Polydore*. Mr. Bartley, the gentleman who appeared in *Orlando*, read the remainder of the character.—We are sorry to learn that Mr. Barrymore continues much indisposed, and that symptoms have manifested themselves of a paralytic nature.

COVENT-GARDEN.

DEC. 18.—*Family Quarrels.*—A new comic opera, by Mr. T. Dibdin. The public are quite aware of the difficulties which attend this species of composition on the modern stage, where simplicity of fable, and simplicity of music, are no

longer sufficient to excite attention. All an author can do now, is to furnish a vehicle for the airs, duets, trios, &c. and to contrive suitable situations, in which the performers may introduce their songs. For these he must necessarily sacrifice his plot, and do frequent violence to his own judgment. If at last he succeed in creating a kind of bustling interest, and combining his materials so as to produce a light and amusing whole, his purpose is answered, and the people are satisfied. Such is the case with the opera of *Family Quarrels*.

The first scene presents a romantic view of a village, in which the adjacent mansions of the two families, whose quarrels give a title to the piece, are beautifully pourtrayed; in the foreground is a rustic bridge, and a cascade in motion. The piece opens with an assemblage of sportsmen, anglers, and huntsmen, one of whom (Squire Foxglove) (a) relates that Sir Peppercorn Crabstick(b) has broken off a match between his daughter Caroline,(c) and Charles,(d) the son of Mr.(e) and Mrs.(f) Supplejack, because the latter, proud of her own honourable origin, has looked down upon the newly acquired title and fortune of Sir Peppercorn, whose greatest pride is to own his obligations to trade, and the successful efforts of his own indefatigable industry.—In their mutual anger, the heads of the two families introduce new plans of marriage for their respective offspring. Lady Selina Sugarcane,(g) the chattering widow of a West India nabob, is brought from town as a match for Charles, and Miss Caroline is destined by her father to meet the addresses of Matthew Mushroom, Esq. a rich Yorkshire clothier,(h) who is preferred by Sir Peppercorn for his great fortune, and for the obscurity of the family he springs from. Charles, however, by the assistance of his friend Foxglove, procures an interview by moonlight with Caroline, which is discovered by the vigilance of Argus,(i) a trusty servant of Sir Peppercorn's, who suddenly catches the lovers together, and forbids her admirer and his friend ever to approach his house in future.—After a variety of schemes, contrived chiefly by the ingenuity of Proteus,(k) in the interest of Charles, and Susan,(l) Caroline's attendant, the lovers are brought together, and, through the mediation of Foxglove, the two families agree to put an end to their quarrels, and consent to the union which they had taken so much pains to prevent.

In our last number we noticed the violent opposition of the Jews to this piece, for two or three nights, in consequence of a song introduced by *Proteus*, in the habit of a Jew pedlar, which, however, contained nothing that ought to have been construed into an offence. After a few unsuccessful efforts to condemn the piece, on this account, they withdrew their opposition, and the opera has since proceeded with no other interruption than that of applause. If there is nothing very striking in the design, or original in the characters and incidents of this opera, the effect, altogether, is very pleasant; some of the incidents are extremely diverting; the dialogue is smart, and enlivened with humourous allusions and neat repartee: the songs are in general well written. Munden's "*Gaffer Grist*,

(a) Mr. Incledon. (b) Mr. Munden. (c) Miss Waddy.
(d) Mr. Braham. (e) Mr. Simmons. (f) Mrs. Davenport.
(g) Mrs. Mattocks. (h) Mr. Emery. (i) Mr. Blanchard.
(k) Mr. Fawcett. (l) Signora Storace.

Gaffer's son, and his little Jack-ass," is a whimsical versification of the fable of the "old miller, his son, and the ass," and produces great effect.

The composers are in number five, and the same as in the *Cabinet*; viz. Messrs. Reeve, Moorehead, Davy, Corri, and Braham. The music is not, upon the whole, so attractive as in the former instance; but some of the pieces are very beautiful, and will add considerably to the reputation of their respective authors. We shall perhaps be more particular on the subject of the music in a future number.

23.—*Cato.*—Mr Cooke's *Cato* has been one of his most successful performances. The *Roman Patriot* might have a more majestic representative, but certainly not one who could give more weight and dignity to the sentiments, or meet so well, in every respect, the ideas which we have been taught to entertain of this illustrious character. In the burst on being told of the heroic conduct of his son *Marcus*, "Thanks to the Gods, my boy has done his duty," he was impressive in the highest degree, and in the whole of the speech over the dead body; but his great excellence consisted in his manner of uttering the celebrated soliloquy on suicide. It is one of the most exquisite *morceaus*, in point of judgment, thought, solemnity, and strictly characteristic expression, which live in our stage recollection. Often as we have admired Mr. Cooke, we do not think he ever before excited in us so high a notion of his great talents.

The tragedy itself is so ruined by the ridiculous love-plot, that, now that party spirit no longer exists to support it, its revival can never last more than a few nights. On this occasion it received ample justice from the several performers: Mr. Siddons (*Portius*), Mr. H. Johnson (*Marcus*), Mr. Brunton (*Juba*), Mr. Murray (*Syphax*), Mr. Cory (*Sempronius*), Miss Marriot (*Lucia*), and Mrs. Litchfield (*Marcia*).

Mr. Cooke, and consequently the rest of the performers, pronounced Cato with the open *a*, Caato. See some remarks on this point in the Stage department of the present number.

27.—*Harlequin's Habeas.*—The new Christmas pantomime is the invention of the indefatigable T. Dibdin. It abounds with the usual tricks and transformations. The changes are rapid, numerous, and striking, and some of the incidents are irresistibly ludicrous. The mistaking a man's wooden leg, which is seen projecting from the foot of a bed, for a warming pan, and thus pulling away the unfortunate stump, afforded infinite merriment. Mr. Harris has been at immense expence for scenery, which chiefly represents some of the most striking objects on the road to Paris:—the gates of Calais, Quillacque's hotel there, the Pont au Change, Conciergerie, Pont Neuf, &c. and St. Dennis's gate at Paris. There is also a most delightful view of Rochester Bridge, with the Castle and Cathedral, by Richards. Phillips has distinguished himself very much on this occasion, having painted no less than six of the scenes. The Bolognas, King, Klanert, Dubois, Master Menage, and the elegant Wybrow, appear to advantage in the principal pantomimical characters. The music is well adapted. Moorehead has furnished an excellent overture, and two charming glees.

We shall notice the new *Othello*, at Covent Garden, who is announced also for *Jaffier*, in our next number.

KING'S THEATRE.

Two new operas have been produced with tolerable success—*I due Baroni,* and *Il matrimonio secreto.* Signora Gerbini, the new singer, has a most excellent voice, modulated with consummate taste, and her execution is delightful. Mrs. Billington excites the same admiration and applause, with which she was honoured on the English boards last season. Nothing very striking has yet been attempted in the *ballet way*, owing, no doubt, in some degree, to the indisposition of Parisot and Madame Coralli. Mr. Taylor has disposed of his share in the property to an Irish gentleman of fortune of the name of Gould, who proposes soon to visit the continent, with an intention of making some new engagements.

Mrs. Billington had entered into an agreement to sing at Messrs. Harrison and Knyvett's Concerts; but it appears, from a clause in the trust deed, that she has no power to form such an engagement, and the proprietors, it is said, mean to oppose it. This report, however, has been contradicted; and it is alledged that there is an express stipulation in her article that she shall perform "at any two concerts she pleases," in consequence of which she chose the *Ancient Concert* and Mr. *Harrison's.*

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Mr. Richardson, one of the proprietors of Drury Lane, has been dangerously indisposed for some time. Kemble is at present at Madrid, where he is honoured with the most flattering attentions. Mrs. Siddons has had a grand rout and supper at her house in Dublin. All the fashionables in the city were present, amounting to upwards of a hundred, among whom were the Lord Lieutenant and family. The supper was a *Pic Nic.* At three o'clock the party broke up. One hundred carriages were in waiting, a sight seldom seen at a private door in Dublin. The ladies were dressed very splendidly, with a profusion of diamonds. The comedy of Hear both Parties, announced at Drury Lane, is from the pen of Mr. Holcroft. A new drama, expected at the same theatre, called the Hero of the North, is founded on the history of Gustavus Vasa, and borrowed, probably, not a little from Kotzebüe's play upon that subject. Mr. Colman's comedy has been read in the Covent Garden green-room, and is said to be his *chef d'œuvre.* There is a character in it for Mr. Cooke, expressly adapted for his great and peculiar powers. The other reported novelties are Mrs. Inchbald's translation of the Judgment of Solomon; a musical entertainment by Miss Porter, a sister of the ingenious artist; and an opera by *Mrs. Plowden.* Captain Caulfield, of the Guards, the hero of the Pic Nic theatre, is the gentleman announced for Hamlet. The Haymarket theatre will open with a prelude by Mr. Colman. Mr. Elliston is certainly to be the acting manager; and it is said that Blisset and Quick are engaged. A Mr. Byrne is to be the vocal hero. Miss De.Camp, whose disorder is reported to be the consequence of a broken blood-vessel, resides within a few miles of Paris. Her return to this country is not speedily expected; but the last accounts were of a favourable nature.

MEMORANDA MUSICA.

Mr. *Winter*, from GERMANY, is arrived, to fill his situation as a composer to the ITALIAN *Opera*. It is remarkable, at this place of fashionable resort, and elegant entertainment, that principal situations are ably sustained by *English* performers. Mrs. *Billington*, First Singer; her brother, *Weichsel*, Leader; *Kelly*, (a *West Briton*) director of the Chorus; Lindley, first Violoncelle; Mr. Condell, Piano-forte; Harrington, Hautboy; Mahon, Clarionett; Holmes, Bassoon, &c. &c. The *Petrides*, two French Horn players of extraordinary talents, have succeeded the *Leanders*.

An elegant and correct SCORE *Edition* of the works of HAYDN have been lately published at the *Bibliotheque Nationale, Paris*. To students in music this is a desirable acquisition.

The *Amateurs* of the *German Flute* welcome the return of the celebrated Mr. ASHE, who has left *Bath* to settle in the capital. Some years have elapsed since we were gratified with Mr. A.'s performance at Hanover-square Rooms. Dr. *Haydn* presided, at the time alluded to, as *Composer* to the Concerts under the able direction of *Salomon*. The venerable *Haydn* particularly noticed *Ashe*, and wrote those admired *Obligati* Flute parts in his *Hanover-square Symphonies*, expressly for this performer. Mr. A. devotes his time chiefly to *Teaching* the Accompaniment of the Piano-forte. We understand his "*Flute Treatise*" is in forwardness. *Mrs. Ashe* gave ample proofs of superior talent as a singer in the late Dr. Arnold's *Oratorio*, Haymarket Theatre.

Mr. *Mazzinghi's* trip to *Paris* deprives the town of an able *Composer*, and an excellent *Master*. Mr. M.'s labours have been equally successful in *English*, as well as *Italian* composition. Witness his Paul and Virginia, *English Opera*; and Paul and Virginia, *Ballet*; *Turnpike Gate*; *Ramah Droog*, &c. various Italian Operas, Ballets, Canzonetts, and Piano-forte Lessons.

Mr. *Mountain*, we are informed, is engaged as Leader of the Band, and *Kelly* as Composer, for Mr. *Colman's* Theatre.

Mr. Ashley has engaged Mrs. *Billington* and Miss *Parke* for his *Lent Oratorios*, to lead on alternate nights. *General Ashley* is, of course, Leader of the Band, except on Mrs. Billington's nights, when Mr. Weichsel will preside.

Review of New Musical Publications, continued.

"*The Lord's Prayer.*" Set to Music by *John Watlen*, Professor of the Piano-forte.

A seasonable present to youth of either sex. Mr. Watlen has been a Lieutenant in the Navy, and is now settled in London respectably as a Composer and Teacher of Music. We have observed various Rondos, founded on *Scottish* Airs, of this Gentleman's composition, lively and playful, though not very profound. By saying so, we do not mean to depreciate. In *light* compositions, *consistency* and *facility* may be preferable to *laboured* and *extraneous modulation*.

"Instructions for playing the Piano-forte." By *William Reeve.*

Well adapted to the capacity of juvenile pupils. We recommend Mr. Reeve's book as a *prefatory* one to *Clementi's*. The *fingering* is accurately *marked*, the rules *concise*, and *easily comprehended*.

"His sparkling Eyes." Rondo P. forte. By T. Bennison, Pupil of M. Kelly.

Brilliant, à la Mozart. Mr. Bennison is a junior composer of much promise.

"The favorite Airs in *Blue Beard*, &c. by *Kelly*, arranged as Rondos by Steibelt, Kreitzer, and other Masters of eminence."

Mr. Kelly has adopted a judicious plan, by calling in the aid of established Composers, to render his "Tink a tink," &c. still *more popular*, by elegant and appropriate variations.

"Six Vocal Duetts." By *John Davy.*]

A *re-published* work, worthy of the *Elève* of *Jackson.*

"Eliza." Canzonett. The Words by an Officer of the 86th Reg. Music by *Moorehead.*

The Poet *military* has written literally *con amore.* The Latin quotation in the Title-page (*Vulnus alit, &c.*) is rather unusual for a *bagatelle* of this description. Both *Words* and *Music* seem to be of *Hibernian* production.

"Three Duetts for Violins." Op. 11. By J. Sanderson.

Mr. S. has displayed a thorough knowledge of the instrument in this little production. If we err not, the popular Ballad "The Cottage on the Moor," is the composition of this gentleman.

Treatises, &c.

We notice a new Edition of Mr. Shield's admirable Treatise of Harmony. It is now rendered more complete, by the correction of Typographical errors, and the addition of a Head of the Author. For a character of this work, see a former M. Mirror.

A Literary Correspondent intimates, that Mr. Professor Porson is engaged in a Translation of Plutarch's work on Music. To those Musicians who do not *understand* GREEK, this may be an accommodation.

☞ *In our next we shall present the* Public *with an Authentic Memoir of the Life of the famous* Irish *Bard* Carolan.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS.

PARIS.—Seventeen theatres open their doors every evening for the entertainment of Paris, where the population does not exceed 620,000 souls. It may be calculated that the spectacles of this city occupy, on an average, the leisure of 20,000 individuals, or nearly one thirtieth part of the whole. The following is a list of the theatres.

1. The opera, or the theatre de la Republique et des Arts, situate in la rue de la Loi, formerly la rue Richlieu.

2. Le theatre Francois de la Republique, rue de la Loi, at the corner of rue St. Honore. This was formerly the theatre Francois de Faubourg St. Germain.

3. L'Opera Comique, rue Feydeau, the entrance in rue de la Loi. This was formerly the Italian theatre of la rue Manconseil.

4. The Italian opera Buffa, rue Favars, the entrance in rue de la Loi.

5. Le theatre Louvois, rue de Louvois, the entrance in rue de la Loi, opposite the opera. This theatre is under the management of Picard, a dramatist of some repute.

6. The theatre called Montansier, formerly the theatre Beaujolois, in the buildings of the Palais Royal, behind rue de la Loi.

7. Le theatre de Vaudeville, in the square of the Palais Royal, almost facing la rue de la Loi.

8. Le theatre de la Cite, opposite the Palace de Justice.

9. Le theatre de la Porte St. Martin, formerly the Opera house, built to supply the place of that which was burnt at the Palais Royal.

10. Les Varietes Nationales Etrangeres, formerly the theatre Moliere, built in la rue St. Martin, at an early part of the Revolution, by an actor named Bourfault, who was afterwards a member of the convention, a drinker of blood, and a worthy collegian of his brother actor-legislator, Collot d'Herbois and Favre d'Eglantine.

11. Le theatre des Etrangeres, formerly du Marais, established after the commencement of the Revolution by Caron de Beaumarchais, at one of the extremities of Paris, exclusively for the representation of his own pieces. This theatre was much frequented in 1792, when the great attractions were two new pieces, Robert Chef de Brigands, a farce; and the drama of la Mere Coupable.

12. Le theatre du Boulevard.

13. L'Ambigu Comique, formerly Audinot's.

14. Le theatre de la Caire, formerly Nicolet's.

15. Le theatre des jeunes Artists, formerly des Eleves de l'Opera.

16. Le theatre sans Pretension.

17. Le theatre Pittoresque et Mecanique.

Theatre NATIONAL DES ARTS.—*The Mysteries of Isis*, an opera in four acts. The celebrated German opera of the *Enchanted Flute*, composed so exquisitely by Mozart, was some time back produced at this theatre, under the above title. A French critic thus speaks of it. "Every body knows that in Germany, as well as in Italy, (and he might have added, with strict justice, in England) the constructors of operas pay little attention to plot, style, or even to common sense. The author of the "Mysteries of Isis" had, therefore, some difficulty in putting the materials into a more regular dramatic form, without which, the music, sublime as it is, would not have been listened to with any satisfaction, by a French assembly. But I think he was wrong in applying the subject of the *enchanted flute* to the *Mysteries of Isis*. The buffooneries of a cowardly servant, pleasant enough in a work of fancy, are by no means suitable to the notions which have been handed down to us, relative to those sacred mys-

teries in which all the ancient philosophers and illustrious ornaments of Greece and Rome were anxious to be initiated, and which had no connection, as one of the journals has stated, with our Freemason mummeries and lodges of illuminists, that are nothing more than a burlesque of these mysteries. A juster idea is given of them in a work that is too little read, called *Sethos*, or in a book, still more entertaining, called the *Travels of Antenor*. And yet *their* description of them does not come up to what may be gathered from some of the ancient writers.

The music produced all the effect which could have been expected. There is no attempt to entrap the applause of the injudicious; no false brilliancies; the accompaniments are always in unison with the character of the melody and of the airs.

HISTORY OF THE STAGE.

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF GARRICK'S MANAGEMENT.

Continued from Page 412, Vol. XIV.

DRURY-LANE.—SEASON 1760-1.

10.—WAY TO KEEP HIM, (a) in five acts, with a new prologue, to be spoken by Mr. Holland. *D. Disap.*

(a) "The Way to keep Him, enlarged from the piece in three acts into five, by the author (A. Murphy) received with universal applause. Prologue by Mr. Murphy:—heavy." *Cross's Diary.*

The characters of *Sir Bashful* and *Lady Constant*, acted by Mr. Yates and Mrs. Davies, were introduced, for the first time, in this alteration, agreeably to the author's original intention, as he states in his life of Garrick. Several additions were also made to the character of Lovemore.

The ground-work of the character of Sir Bashful Constant, and of several of the incidents, is to be found in M. de la Chaussee's character of D'Urval, in his comedy called *Le Prejugé alamodé*. Sir Bashful is a gentleman, who, though passionately fond of his wife, yet, from a fear of being laughed at by the gay world for uxoriousness, is perpetually assuming the tyrant, and treating her, at least before company, with great unkindness. The manner in which the author has interwoven this character with the rest of the plot, is productive of scenes which certainly add greatly to the *Vis comica* of the piece. The design of the comedy altogether is to point out to the married part of the female sex, how much unhappiness they frequently create to themselves, by neglecting, *after* marriage, to make use of the same arts, the same assiduity to please, the same elegance in the decoration of their persons, and the same complacency and blandishments in their temper and behaviour, to *preserve* the *affections* of the *husband*, as they had *before* it put in practice to *awaken* the *passions* of the *lover*. This doctrine is here enforced by the example of a gentleman of amiable qualities, and a natural liveliness of turn; yet, according to his own declarations, strongly inclinable to domestic happiness, driven, by this mistaken conduct in

12.—*W. to keep him.—Chaplet.*—Damon, Lowe. 13.—Ibid. 14.—*E. of Essex. H. Life.* 15.—*W. to keep him. Chaplet.*

16.—[By Command] *Ibid,* with *H. Inv.* 17.—*E. of Essex. Enchanter.* 19.—*Minor. P. Hon.* 20.—*W. to keep him. P. Hon.* 21.—*E. of Essex. Guardian.* 22.—*W. to keep him. P. Hon.*

23.—[By Command]—*Agis. P. Hon.* 24.—*Minor.* (b) *Lethe.* 26.—*E. of Essex. P. Hon.* 27.—*W. to keep him. D. to pay.*

28.—*M. Bride.* Almeria, (1st time) Mrs. Yates. *Enchanter.*

29.—*J. Shore. Enchanter.* 31.—*T. and Sigis.* [Never acted] Edgar and Emmeline, (c) a Fairy Tale. O'Brien, (*Edgar*); King, (*Florimond*);

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his wife, from his home, and a valuable woman the mistress of that home, into gallantries with other women, and a total indifference to his wife. The design has great merit, and the execution of it is pleasingly conducted. The principal characters are well drawn; some of the incidents sufficiently surprising and interesting, and the denouement attended with circumstances which render it truly comic.

Besides the obligation above-mentioned, to the French drama, Mr. Murphy is indebted to M. de Moissy's *Nouvelle Ecole de Femmes,* for some of his materials; and the Widow Belmour has been thought to bear too close a resemblance, in some respects, to Congreve's *Millamant.* Upon the whole, however, it is certainly one of our best modern comedies, and the representation of it never fails to give satisfaction to the audience. It has lately been revived at Drury-Lane, with very great success.

(b) "Indifferent house." *Cross's Diary.*

(c) This little piece met with great success in the representation, and indeed deservedly. The exchange of sex in Edgar and Emmeline, by the command of the fairies, to enable them to receive the impressions of love unknown to themselves, through the conveyance of friendship, is a new and pretty thought; the conduct of it sensible, rational, and delicate, and the behaviour of those little imaginary beings, the fairies, consistent with the ideas we have constantly formed of them. In a word, altogether it is a very pleasing entertainment, and is rendered still more so by the addition of the musical interludes, whereby the main action is broken in upon and relieved.

Dr. John Hawkesworth, the author, was born about the year 1719; though his epitaph, as we find it in the Gentleman's Magazine for August, 1781, makes him to have been born in 1715. He was brought up to a mechanical profession; that of a watch-maker, as is supposed. He was of the sect of Presbyterians, and a member of the celebrated Tom Bradbury's meeting, from which he was expelled for some irregularities. He afterwards devoted himself to literature, and became an author of considerable eminence. In the early part of life, his circumstances were rather confined. He resided some time at Bromley in Kent, where his wife kept a boarding-school, which they relinquished in order to accommodate two women of fortune, who came to reside with them. He afterwards became known to a lady, who had great property and interest in the East-India company; and, through her means, was chosen a director of that body. As an au-

Master Kennedy, (*Elfina*); Miss Rogers, (*Grotilla*); Miss Wright, [her 1st

thor, his Adventurer is his capital work; the merits of which, as is said, procured him the degree of LL.D. from Herring, archbishop of Canterbury. When the design of compiling a narrative of the discoveries in the South-seas was on foot, he was recommended as a proper person to be employed on the occasion: but, in truth, he was not a proper person, nor did the performance answer expectation.* Works of taste and elegance, where imagination and the passions were to be affected, were his province; not works of dry, cold, accurate narrative. However, he executed his task, and is said to have received for it the enormous sum of £6000. He died in 1773: some say, of high living; others, of chagrin from the ill reception of his "Narrative:" for he was a man of the keenest sensibility, and obnoxious to all the evils of such irritable natures. On a handsome marble monument at Bromley, in Kent, is the following inscription; the latter part of which is taken from the last number of The Adventurer.

To the Memory of
JOHN HAWKESWORTH, LL.D.
Who died the 16th of November,
MDCCLXXIII, aged 58 years.
That he lived ornamental and useful
To society in an eminent degree,
Was among the boasted felicities
Of the present age;
That he laboured for the benefit of Society,
Let his own pathetic admonitions
Record and realize:

"The hour is hasting, in which whatever praise or censure I have acquired will be remembered with equal indifference.—Time, who is impatient to date my last paper, will shortly moulder the hand which is now writing in the dust, and still the breast that now throbs at the reflection. But let not this be read as something that relates only to another: for a few years only can divide the eye that is now reading from the hand that has written."

Dr. H. altered Amphytrion and Oroonoko; and is said to be the author of Zimri, an Oratorio, published anonymously. His translation of Telemachus is also much admired.

Sir John Hawkins denies that he was brought up to a mechanical profession, and asserts that "he had been taught no art but that of writing, and was a hired clerk to one Harwood, an attorney, in Grocer's-Alley, in the Poultry." Ac-

* "Hawkesworth's Compilation of the Voyages to the South Sea being mentioned; JOHNSON. 'Sir, if you talk of it as a subject of commerce, it will be gainful; if as a book that is to increase human knowledge, I believe there will not be much of that. Hawkesworth can tell only what the voyagers have told him: and they have found very little; only one new animal, I think.' BOSWELL. 'But many insects, Sir.' JOHNSON. 'Why, Sir, as to insects, Ray reckons of British insects 20,000 species. They might have staid at home, and discovered enough in that way.' *Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

app.] (*a Fairy*); Mrs. Yates, (*Emmeline*); with an epilogue. (d) The music by Mr. Arne.

2.—*Tempest*. *Ed. & Em.* 3—*Ægis* and *Ibid.* 5.—[By COMMAND]—*Zara*, Mrs. CIBBER. 7.—*E. of Essex* and *Ib.* 9.—*M. ado.* *Ib.* (e) 10—*W. to keep him.* *Ib.*

cording to the same writer, he also furnished the Parliamentary Debates in the Gentleman's Magazine, from 1743, or 1744, when Dr. Johnson dropped them, till about the year 1760; and held the office of reviewer to the same work, from 1762 to 1772. We are likewise told by Sir J. Hawkins, that Dr. H. thought the complimentary degree conferred on him by Archbishop Herring, entitled him to become an advocate in the ecclesiastical courts, and that he had a serious design of appearing in that capacity, till his mistake was pointed out. But some of Sir J. Hawkins's assertions are to be received with caution. Dr. H. was one of the original members of the club established by Dr. Johnson in Ivey Lane, in the winter of 1749.

(d) Spoken by Mrs. Yates; written by Garrick.

(e) Author's night.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA.

Theatre WOLVERHAMPTON.—This theatre opened Dec. 3, with the comedy of *Speed the Plough*, and the after-piece of *Bon Ton*. The manager has picked up two new faces since the last season, and promised us a third. Mr. Asker and Mrs. Dawson have appeared, the former in the vocal, and the latter in the tragic department. Mr. Asker's voice is not unmusical, but he would be heard with considerably more pleasure if he would let us know what he is singing *about*. Mrs. Dawson's capacity for the stage is dubious. Her figure, gesture, speech, &c. are tolerable rather than striking. She frequently forgets that there is such a letter in the alphabet as H, has a tincture of provincial accent, and does not pay sufficient attention to grace and propriety in her attitudes. The unpopularity of Mr. Fox, formerly so great a favourite, originates in himself, and not in the fickleness of public attachment. A want of deference to the public will never long be countenanced in actors, that have stonger claims to its favour than Mr. Fox. Independent of this, he is never correct in his parts, and when he is out he does not attend to the prompter, but goes mumbling on a parcel of indistinct words in an under tone, which perplexes the other actors, and often occasions several speeches being omitted, or introduced where they ought not to be. A Mrs. St. John is promised us by the manager, but she has not yet made her appearance. She is to succeed Mrs. Farren in the operatic characters. Mr. G. Shuter, a young man of very promising parts, has been sent by the manager to perform before *twelve tallow candles*, at an inferior theatre. Why not have sent his candle-snuffers, and kept his actors where their merit stood a chance of being rewarded?

Wolverhampton, *Dec.* 10, 1802. CIVIS.

Theatre HITCHIN.—Mr. Lacy's company is now exhibiting here, with tolerable success. The performers are very respectable, and we observe, with much pleasure, the rapid improvement which Miss Maria Taylor, Spilsbury makes in sentimental comedy. We have had occasion to mention this lady's performance before, (under the name of Taylor) at Bedford; and we make no doubt but she will, ultimately, be a useful member of the corps of Thalia.

Theatre PLYMOUTH.—"MR. EDITOR,—In consequence of the letter inserted in your Mirror of last month, dated Plymouth, Dec. 14, 1802. I wish to avail myself of the earliest apportunity of vindicating myself from so gross an aspersion; and for your very handsome offer of permitting me to say a few words in justification of myself, both as a man and a performer, I beg you will accept my grateful ackowledgments.

"First, I, in the most solemn manner, disclaim all knowledge whatever of the writer of the letter alluded to by an *Impartial* Observer, and in reply to the assertion "that from *my own report*, they were led to suppose I possessed talents of the first order, consequently, *previous to my arrival*, several plays were cast in which my name was inserted for principal characters," I must observe that the characters alluded to I afterwards performed with Mr. Bannister, but am at a loss to know at what the writer aims when he says by my *own report*. I was engaged by the proprietor from Guernsey, and the first overtures were made by *him* to *me*. Being then a total stranger at Plymouth, and so far off, I of course could have no opportunity (had I been inclined) to *report my own merits*. Secondly, the favourable reception I was so fortunate to meet with in Sparkish and Robin, induced the manager to have the following lines printed in the next night's play bills. "Perhaps no audience was ever more fascinated and delighted than by the *charming performances* of Miss Dixon on Wednesday and Friday last; and as her engagement here will be of a *short duration*, it is respectfully hoped and presumed, that an *early* and *liberal* patronage will be given to her future nights. The company has also been reinforced by Mr. Lovegrove and Mrs. Forbes, who were received with the utmost possible approbation on Friday last, and such arrangments are now made, as will render the remainder of the season particularly worthy the attention and support of all *dramatic amateurs*." A bill with the above is in my possession. This, together with the multiplicity of business (and that of the first description) I was afterwards employed in, by the direction of the proprietor, is, I think, a flat contradiction to that part of the *impartial* observations where I am accused of not only dissatisfying the *proprietor*, but the *inhabitants*, with my performances. As a further illustration of what I have already asserted, I beg leave to subjoin a list of the characters allotted me by the manager."

[Here Mr. Lovegrove transcribed a list, by which it appears that he performed principal characters, (often both in play and farce,) on 37 different nights. This list, however, for the sake of brevity, we have omitted.]

"There is *a petitesse* in the mention of the benefits that I think despicable, and the writer, whoever he may be, as he is so *well* acquainted with the concerns of the theatre, is, doubtless, acquainted with the cause of the failure of mine; if not, I will hereafter assign that cause, together with '*a simple statement of* FACTS,' in *my* turn, in which the enumeration of some circumstances,

when made known, may make the *Impartial* Observer regret ever having endeavoured to injure the character of an innocent young man.

" Let me now request that the gentleman who did me the honour to speak well of me, who it seems has given offence for so doing, and by that means has made me the innocent victim of spleen and ill-nature, will come forward, and exonerate me from these aspersions, by sending his name and abode.

" *Theatre Royal Bath.* " WILLIAM LOVEGROVE."

Theatre PLYMOUTH.—" Mr. EDITOR—A letter having appeared in your Mirror of last month from Plymouth, of a most calumnious tendency, I feel bound to say a few words in defence of myself. For your goodness in giving me that permission pray accept my warmest thanks. I give you my word and honour I was not, nor do I know, or *even suspect* the writer of the letter wherein I am favourably spoken of. I must here contradict the *impartial* writer, in that part of the letter in which he says the *inhabitants* were *dissatisfied* with me, and a more complete contradiction cannot, I think, be given, than by affirming that (with repeated plays) I performed upwards of *forty* characters, and those *all principal*, in three months, bills of which I still have by me. I have the *satisfaction* and *happiness* to *know* I left Plymouth *regretted* as an *actress*, and *esteemed* as a *woman*.

" ELIZA FORBES."

☞ *The Editor, agreeably to his promise, has inserted these letters, with the omission of one or two passages which did not appear absolutely necessary. When the letter under the signature of a* LOUNGER *was received, it was laid by as unfit for insertion, in consequence of the disguise apparent in the hand-writing. It was afterwards delivered to the Printer by a mistake, which was not discovered till too late to be rectified. Our reason for inserting the letter of an* IMPARTIAL OBSERVER *appeared in the publication of last month; and, to manifest our* own *impartiality, we have now given a place to the two letters written by Mr. Lovegrove and Mrs. Forbes, in their own vindication. Here, we trust, the matter will rest. We should observe that another Letter of some length, from* Plymouth, *in refutation of the facts stated by a* LOUNGER, *was received in December, which we declined publishing for the cause assigned in the Correspondence Page of last Month.*

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

THE private theatricals of Dalby-house, near Leicester, that have, for several successive summers, been objects of the greatest attraction and admiration to the lovers of the drama, have been revived during the Christmas holidays, with all their former elegance and splendour. The play of The Stranger, with the farce

of Three Weeks after Marriage, were the pieces represented. The principal male characters were taken by the usual amateurs, E. W. Hartopp, Esq. Mr. E. Hartopp, the two eldest sons of Colonel Noel, Francis Munday, Esq. and Mr. Bilsborrow, and were well supported. The female characters were filled by the three Miss Hamiltons, whose theatrical merits are too well known to need any other comment than merely to say they performed with their usual spirit and excellence. The hospitality and polite attention of the lady of the mansion, the Hon. Mrs. Hartopp, shone as conspicuous on this as on former occasions. The band, formerly of the Melton Mowbray corps of volunteer infantry, filled the orchestra. A cold collation and ball followed, from which the visitors did not depart till the morning was far advanced.

Crewe Hall—Long the acknowledged seat of English hospitality—has this Christmas been the seat of unrivalled festivity. On Wednesday, the 4th instant, there were a splendid ball and supper, to the latter of which near an hundred persons sat down. On Thursday a dinner was given to a select party, and in the evening all the visitors of that and the preceding day were gratified with theatrical amusements, the picture gallery having been prepared for the occasion, and fitted up in a very commodious style. The performance commenced with a prologue from *Midsummer Night's Dream*, but altered and made applicable to the occasion. *Midas* then followed, and went off with the happiest effect, and the reiterated bursts of applause amply spoke the merits of the several performers: *Midas* was played with the most successful humour. *Mysis* was animated and judicious, while *Nysa* would have insured commendation from the proudest assemblage of London critics. The scene of the celestials was well managed, and *Hebe*, *Venus*, and *Juno*, appeared to influence the hearts of all their *mortal* gazers. *Midas* was followed by a new piece, written for the occasion, entitled *One bird in the Hand worth two in the Bush*. It was meant merely as a vehicle for music; the idea, however, is ingenious, and replete with comic effect.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

We are happy to state, that the claims of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales are adjusted to the satisfaction of all parties. It is intended, we understand, to propose to Parliament, that Government should take upon itself the payment of the unliquidated balance of his Royal Highness's debts, for which the deduction from his income of £.65,000 per annum, stands pledged, and which balance now amounts to about £.240,000 and that his Royal Highness shall have the enjoyment of his own income, for the purpose of resuming and supporting the splendour suitable to his rank.

Murder of Mathews, the Hermit—The eccentricities of the above unfortunate old man have for a number of years been the subject of much curiosity to those who have visited Norwood and its vicinage. Upwards of 28

years ago he obtained leave of the governors of Dulwich Common to form himself a dwelling on their ground, in the neighbourhood of Sydenham Common and Dulwich Wood. This dwelling, which was the child of his own fancy, was far secluded from any other, and consisted of an excavation in the earth, thatched in with fern, underwood, &c. In this cave or hermitage he lived for a series of years, his daily employment being to work in the gardens of the neighbouring gentry, by whom, from his simplicity of manners, he was much liked. He always returned to his cave to sleep, and on Sundays used to sell beer to such as curiosity might lead to visit his cell, of whom, in the summer, there were many. About five or six years ago, however, some villains, instigated by the same motive that probably occasioned his death (an idea that he was possessed of money), broke into his cave, beat him in a most dreadful manner, and, agreeably to his own account, robbed him of 12s. For upwards of a year and a half after this he deserted his abode, and usually slept in the stables or hay-lofts of those for whom he had been at work. Drawn, howeve, by some strange impulse, to his former mode of life, he returned to his cave, the construction of which he altered, by digging it with a mouth resembling an oven, into which he had just room to crawl, and when laid down he contrived to press his feet against a board, which, placed at the entrance, served for a door. All these precautions did not, however, save him from the further attacks of his enemies, for, on Tuesday morning, 28th Dec. he was found, near the entrance of his cave, dead, with his jaw-bone broken in two places, and a severe wound in his cheek. The body was discovered by some boys, who, at Christmas time, had always made a practice of paying the old man a visit; he was covered with fern, &c. and under his arm was an oaken branch, about six or seven feet long, which it is supposed the villains put into the cave in order to hook him out, as the hook part was found broken off, which exactly matched with the stick, and from the nature of the wound in his face, it appears likely the hook had been hitched into his mouth, there being a hole of the size of it quite through the cheek; and in dragging him to the mouth of the cave they must have turned the body, as his head, when discovered, was outermost. His jaw was broken, and, as is the opinion of a professional gentleman on the spot, the extravasated blood getting into his throat, caused suffocation. The deceased had been at the French Horn, at Dulwich, on the Monday evening, and had changed half-a-guinea there, great part of which change he is known to have had about him when he went home, none of which was to be found, as his pockets were turned out. A secret pocket, of which none of his acquaintance had any knowledge, did not escape the prying eyes of his murderers, as it was also turned out. Mathews the deceased, was near 70 years of age, and was supposed to have been induced to adopt his singular mode of living from the affectionate remembrance he entertained of a departed wife, by whom he had one daughter, doing, as we understand, tolerably well in London. He was generally liked in the neighbouring villages, and remarked for the simplicity of his manners, and the punctuality of his dealings; from which circumstance some of the gipsies, perhaps, who infest the vicinity of Norwood, might be led to conceive him worth money. Three men of the above description have been committed by Messrs. Bullock and Bowles, on suspicion of knowing something of the matter, as they were a part of

the vagrant tenants of an encampment formed very near the cave of the deceased.

The Leeds paper says: "We are informed, from good authority, that the Methodist Missions in the West Indies are in a most flourishing state: about 70,000 of the Negroes are now under instruction; about 15,000 of these are ornaments of Christian virtue; and about 70 of the Mulattoes and Blacks are already become teachers themselves."

SKETCH OF BONAPARTE.—The person of the First Consul is small, below the ordinary size of men. The Consular garb does not become him; he looks best in the plain uniform of the National Guard, which he at present generally wears. His face is strongly marked with melancholy, reflection, and deep thought; the lines of premature age are very visible upon it. He is said to be impenetrable even to his friends. His head is remarkably large, and his eyes are well formed, and well set, animating a countenance which has been seldom known to smile. His voice is the deepest toned, and seems to issue as from a tomb. His mouth is large and handsome; and in general it may be asserted, there is that harmony of features which denotes an *entire character*. The various resemblances of him are tolerably exact; though they by no means do him justice, nor give his *look*, which is extremely interesting and impressive.

A fire broke out on the 15th December, at the house of Count Potoki, at Vienna, and his Excellency was so severely hurt in endeavouring to save himself, that he died next day.

AN ANECDOTE.—It is no wonder that Hatfield the imposter should prefer a full commitment to *Newgate*, under a general confession, to *Tothill-fields Bridewell*, and the daily interrogatories at a *Bow-street Exhibition*; the request that he made to Sir Richard Ford on this occasion, reminds us of an authentic anecdote of the late Lord Howe.—When captain of the Dunkirk man of war, a black sailor had committed some offence, for which he was ordered to receive a certain number of lashes. Being tied to the gun, the Captain, who, with the good discipline of the service at heart, sometimes went, if not the wrong, at least the round about way to effect it, ordered the ship's company to be piped upon deck, and then began a long exhortation in favour of subordination and obedience: the black culprit heard it all, under various heads of dissertation, for nearly three quarters of an hour; when, unable any longer to endure the oppression of his commander's eloquence, with the other sufferings that were to follow, thus movingly addressed him:—"Massa! if you preach-em, preach-em; if you frog-em, frog-em; but don't you *preach-em* and *frog-em* too!" Notwithstanding, the Captain of the Dunkirk continued his *preaching*, and afterwards, with unexampled bad taste, frogged poor blackey into the bargain.

GALVANISM.—The body of George Foster, who was lately executed for the murder of his wife and child, by throwing them into the Paddington Canal, was conveyed to a house not far distant, where it was subjected to the *Galvanic* process by Professor Aldini, under the inspection of Mr. Keate, Mr. Carpue, and several other professional gentlemen. Mr. Aldini, who is the nephew of the discoverer of this most interesting science, shewed the eminent and superior powers of *Galvanism* to be far beyond any other stimulant in nature. On the first application of

the process to the face, the jaw of the deceased criminal began to quiver, and the adjoining muscles were horribly contorted, and one eye was actually opened. In the subsequent part of the process, the right hand was raised and clenched, and the legs and thighs were set in motion. It appeared to the uninformed part of the by-standers as if the wretched man was on the eve of being restored to life. This, however, was impossible, as several of his friends who were under the scaffold, had violently pulled his legs, in order to put a more speedy termination to his sufferings. The experiment, in fact, was of a better use and tendency. Its object was to shew the excitability of the human frame, when this animal electricity is duly applied. In cases of drowning or suffocation, it promises to be of the utmost use, by reviving the action of the lungs, and thereby rekindling the expiring spark of vitality. In cases of apoplexy or disorders of the head, it offers also most encouraging prospects for the benefit of mankind. The professor, we understand, has made use of *Galvanism* also in several cases of insanity, and with complete success. It is the opinion of the first medical men, that this discovery, if rightly managed and duly prosecuted, cannot fail to be of great, and perhaps, as yet, unforeseen utility.

The following particulars of a most horrid deed, which was committed at a small village between Marquise and Boulogne, may be relied on:—A written paper, with three signatures, was carried to the house of the mayor of this village, appointing a meeting upon business in the evening, at a fixed place. A neighbour observed three men at the door, and the mayor to go out with his great coat on, leaving at home his wife, daughter, niece, and a maid servant. Early the next morning, a nephew of the mayor's calling, found the door open, and upon entering, first beheld the dreadful sight of the maid lying murdered in the passage; the mother and daughter dead in one room, and the niece a corpse in another. As soon as he could recover himself from the horrid spectacle, he, with the assistance of a neighbour, searched the other parts of the house, when it appeared nothing had been taken away. The written paper was found, containing the three signatures, which induced the nephew and the neighbour to proceed to the stated place, when, as their minds foreboded, they discovered the unfortunate mayor miserably mangled. In one of his hands was a large lock of hair grasped, with a part of the skin to it, supposed to belong to one of the villains. This was taken immediately to the municipality, who, for a few hours, embargoed all the vessels between Calais and Boulogne, and a most active search was made. The diligences were all examined, and every one obliged to take off his hat; but unhappily the monsters were not discovered. A person arrived in England a few days since, to communicate the shocking act to the English police, in order to trace the villains if they should have crossed the channel. It is imagined the perpetrators are three conscripts, and that, having left the paper, they conceived the hand-writing might lead to a discovery, and therefore returned again to the house to get it back, which brought on the dreadful catastrophe alluded to. The mayor was a powerful man; he was very much cut, and by the hair, which he appears to have torn from one of their heads, it is evident he made a stout resistance. A considerable reward was offered, but whether by the nephew or from the municipality, it is not mentioned.

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 13, at seven o'clock, the coroner's inquest sat at the watch-house, Queen's-head-alley, Newgate Street, on the body of a black man, unknown, found dying under the gateway of Bull-head court, Newgate Street; their verdict was—"Died by the inclemency of the weather." A hair dresser, of Gutter Lane, Cheapside, was constable of the night. About three o'clock a watchman found the deceased near Mitre Court, Cheapside, and supposing him dying, left him in care of the constable, at the watch-house. By the warmth of the fire he so far recovered, as to say he was perishing with cold, and had no money. A gentleman present gave him a shilling. In a few minutes the constable desired him to go and seek a lodging or refreshment. He crawled to the corner of Butcher-hall-lane. The watchman on that beat brought two patroles, who dragged him under the gateway of Bull-head-court, about a quarter past four: returning about five they found him dead, and then carried him to the watch-house!—The shilling was found in his pocket.

Loss of the Hindostan East Indiaman.—We are concerned to state the total loss of the Hon. East India Company's ship the Hindostan, captain Edward Balston. This ship was consigned to Madras and China. The fatal accident took place on Tuesday night, Jan. 12, during the severe gale which then prevailed. A few minutes before 4 o'clock, she parted with all her anchors, and drove on shore off the Culvers, near Margate, and shortly after went to pieces. Her copper has been entirely torn off, consequently no part of the cargo can be saved. We are sorry to add to this melancholy account, that one gentleman of the name of Clarke, a cadet for Madras, and a passenger on board this ship, with sixteen of the crew, have unfortunately perished. Most of the officers of the Hindostan have arrived in town. We are assured that every possible exertion was made to save the ship, but the fury of the gale baffled every effort. The cargo was estimated at £70,000. She had a vast quantity of private silver bullion on board, on freight; but we learn the East India Company had not a single dollar on board. The Hindostan was a fine ship of the largest dimensions, being of the burthen of 1243 tons, and was proceeding on her fourth voyage.

Murder committed twelve years ago.—The following singular circumstance occurred at Deal, in Kent, within these few days: A person who has kept a public house in the neighbourhood of Deal with much respectability for some years, was disputing with another person in Deal. High words arose, and a soldier belonging to the regiment in barracks there, came up and enquired what was the matter. After the altercation had subsided, the soldier said to the publican, that he was sure he was a Lincolnshire man, by his voice and dialect; the publican said he was, but that he had not been there for some years. The soldier soon after called upon one of the magistrates of Deal, and informed him, that a murder was committed about twelve years ago in Lincolnshire, by three men; that two were taken and executed, but that the third, though frequently advertised for, was never found, and that he strongly suspected the publican was the man. The magistrate sent a statement of the circumstance, and a description of the publican's person, to the place where the murder was stated to have been committed, and received for answer, that the statement made by the soldier was correct, and that the description of the publican answered, in a great measure, that of the murderer who had made his escape: but that, if it was the same person, he had a gun-shot wound in one of his legs. The publi-

can was taken up, and on his legs being inspected by a surgeon, he pronounced that a wound appearing on one of his legs, was a gun-shot wound. In consequence of which, the publican has been committed to Deal gaol, in order to be sent to the county where the murder was committed, to take his trial.

MARRIED.

Lord Andover to the Hon. Miss Dutton. At Orrery St. Mary's, Devonshire, William Bagwell, Esq. to the Hon. Miss Graves, eldest daughter of the late Admiral Lord Graves, and sister to the present Lord. Lately, at Dishley, Leicestershire, the Hon. and Rev. Henry Ryder, Rector of Lutterworth, to Sophia, second daughter of Thomas March Phillips, Esq. of Garendon Park, Leicestershire. At Wandsworth, Surrey, Charles Watkins, of the Middle Temple, London, Esq. to Miss Mary Williams. John F. H. Rawlins, Esq. to Miss Baker, eldest daughter of Wm. Baker, Esq. of Bayfordbury, Hertfordshire, and grand daughter of the late Right. Hon. Lady Juliana Penn. At Earsdon Church, Northumberland, the Right Hon. Lord Delaval, to Miss Knight. By special licence, at Lady Cecilia Johnston's, in Wimpole-street, Anthony Merry, Esq. late his Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary to the French Republic, to Mrs. Leathes, widow of the late J. Leathes, Esq. of Herringfleet Hall, in the county of Suffolk.

DIED.

At his house in Bloomsbury-square, in the 60th year of his age, Thomas Cadell, Esq. Alderman of the ward of Walbrook; a gentleman most truly endeared to a very extensive circle of friends, who will long and deeply feel his loss. At Mount Panther, in the County of Down, the Right Hon. Francis Charles Annesley, Earl Annesley, Viscount Glerawly, and Baron Annesley. In the 91st year of her age, Lady Wheate, of Lechlade, Gloucestershire. At Oporto, John Whitehead, Esq. in the 76th year of his age, forty-seven years his Majesty's Consul at that place. Lately, at Grenada, the Hon. George Vere Hobart, late Governor of that Island. At his house at Twickenham, in the the 81st year of his age, Sir Richard Perryn, Knt. late one of the Barons of the Exchequer. At Altona, the Right Hon. Dowager Lady Clifford, mother of the present Lord Clifford. At his seat at Ham, in Surrey, Vice-Admiral Sir William Parker. He was a very able officer, and distinguished himself in the ever-memorable actions of the 1st of June and 14th of February, under those great and illustrious commanders, Lords Howe and St. Vincent. At Paris, of a decline, on the 14th inst. the Hon. Temple Luttrell, next brother to Earl Carhampton. By his death, without issue, the estate of Sw. Howfield, in the island of Jamaica, comes to his brother, the Hon. John Olmius, one of the Commissioners of his Majesty's Revenue of Excise. After being delivered of a still-born infant, Mrs. Greville, wife of Colonel Henry Greville, of Hanover-square. The Rev. Henry Heathcote, Rector of Walton, near Liverpool, and brother to the Dowager Countess of Macclesfield. Lately, on his passage home from the West Indies, Brigadier General Romer, brother to the Lady of J. Callendar, Bart. of Preston Hall.